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COMMONWEAL

A Review of Religion, Politics, and Culture September 22, 2000

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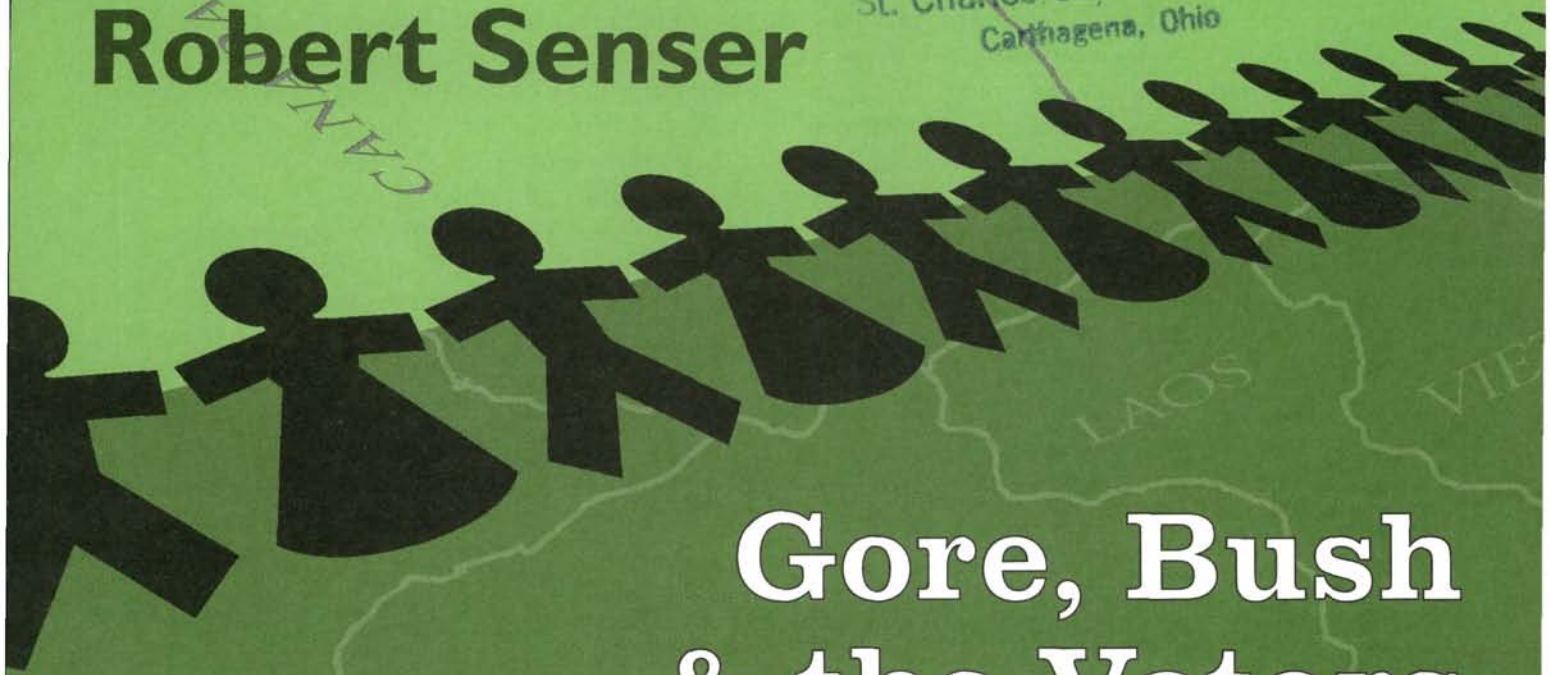

Gore, Bush & the Voters

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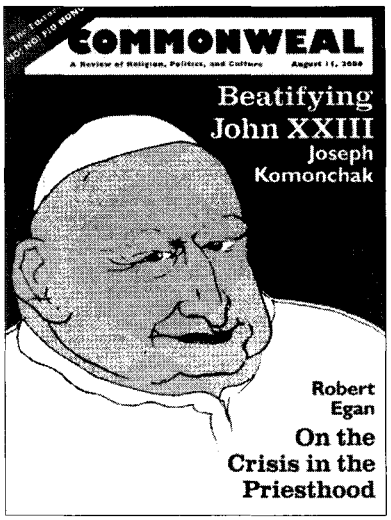

COMMONWEAL

COLLEGE SUBSCRIPTION PROGRAM

The other day we received a letter from an 88-year-old man who first read *Commonweal* while a student at Princeton University in 1929. He and the other Catholic freshmen at Princeton were given complimentary subscriptions, courtesy of a generous alumnus. Seventy-plus years later, he remains a *Commonweal* subscriber. For generations, *Commonweal* has been an essential element of the Catholic education of countless college students. Many of our present readers, like our friend from Princeton, got hooked on *Commonweal* in college and haven't stopped reading since.

Since *Commonweal*'s inception, college chaplains and professors have introduced students to the magazine. Today, however, the patterns of Catholic life and practice in colleges and universities have changed. Many college students haven't read—or even heard of—*Commonweal*. This poses a problem for the magazine and, as we see it, for the church as well. A church without intellectually engaged young people is in long-term trouble.

For this reason we are embarking on a special venture to bring *Commonweal* back into the lives of Catholic college students and we need your help. Would you consider funding specially priced subscriptions to *Commonweal* for Catholic students at your alma mater or at another college of your choice? Instead of our annual $44 subscription rate, student gift subscriptions will be available at only $15 each. Your generous funding of even just a few subscriptions could help significantly to build a corps of future readers and writers. We have seen this at Fordham University, where an alumnus has provided subscriptions for 70 honor students over the last five years. Many of these students have continued to subscribe after graduation, and some have served as *Commonweal* interns.

The kind of Catholic intellectual life represented by *Commonweal* over the past 75 years is one of the church's best-kept secrets. We'd like to share that secret with the next generation. Will you help? If so, please fill out and return the form below. Or e-mail us at: commonweal@msn.com.

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COMMONWEAL

September 22, 2000 / Volume CXXVII, Number 16

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To the Editors

Just say no

I fully agree with your editorial proposal [August 11] that the bishops' conference give serious thought and guidance to the American people on National Missile Defense. The editorial made many other good points, but, unfortunately, I think it ultimately concludes that NMD is worth considering.

As an outsider, who lives in the shadow of America's might and power, the idea of rogue states attacking the United States seems ludicrous. Even if they did, the counterattack would be so devastating and quick that it would be tantamount to national suicide. Is the enormous cost of producing an NMD system worth the small risk posed by an underdeveloped country like North Korea or Iraq? I say no.

Rather than dreaming up an impossible defense system, why wouldn't the United States continue to de-escalate the stockpiling of nuclear warheads? Wouldn't that be the most effective and least costly solution to the problem of national security? Wouldn't it free up billions and billions of dollars for truly humane programs?

So if there are any bishops out there reading this—go for it—be truly Christian and see how far out from the American mainstream Catholicism can really be.

JOHN BORST
Dryden, Ont.

Mysteries of the universe

What is one to make of the paradox of John Paul II declaring Blessed (infallibly, no less—at least by one school of thought) such disparate personalities as Pio Nono and Papa Giovanni [August 11]?

Perhaps it is an example of God's subtle sense of humor. I submit that declaring in one fell swoop both an "autocrat" and a "democrat" special friends of God makes sense only if the hidden message is that what really matters in God's eye is not so much obeying this or that specific law, but following one's conscience.

EDMUND F. KAL, M.D.
Fresno, Calif.

Edward Skillin, R.I.P.

I recently found in a file called "Marvin's Mother" a yellowed sheet of gray paper, with curling corners. It was a thirty-six-year-old note from Edward Skillin, written on an old typewriter in need of a new ribbon: the o's were inked-in. The note told me that one of my own early contributions to the "where's mom?" question would appear in *The Commonweal* on June 19, 1964.

The weekly appearance of the newsprint *Commonweal* at our house was even earlier than that date a matter for rejoicing. I have written since that time occasional pieces accepted by a procession of editors, none more encouraging or courteous than Ed Skillin. A good man, indeed.

KATHARINE BYRNE
Chicago, Ill.

Critical praise

I knew that Ed Skillin could not live forever, although I often half-expected that he could. So it was with regret mixed with surprise that I read his obituary.

He had a long and exemplary life. What he did with and for *Commonweal* means a great deal to liberal Roman Catholics and to that dwindling band of enthusiasts (of which I am one) that thinks there must be room in a media-infested world for an intelligent liberal political journal. What I remember best about Ed was his civility, the welcoming greeting that he always gave me on my infrequent appearances on the editorial premises, as if suddenly seeing me gave meaning to his day—which of course it did not. His days always had meaning.

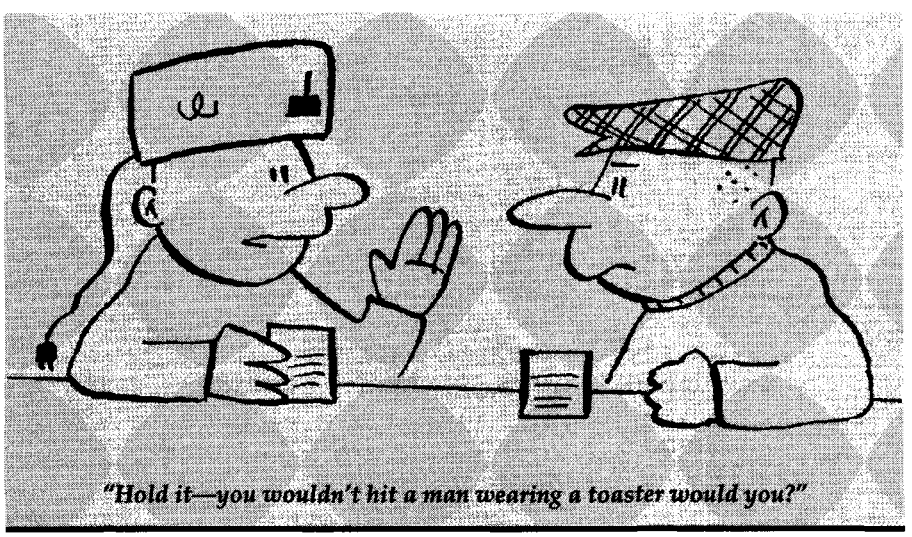
GERALD WEALES
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gerald Weales was the magazine's theater critic from 1968–93.

Stop the hypocrisy

In Jo McGowan's column "'Thinking' Catholics" [July 14], I was pleased that she quoted Caroline Armstrong-Jones's decision about whether to have amniocentesis during her second pregnancy. I was also pleased that McGowan herself had made a decision about abortion.

(Continued on page 30)



"Hold it—you wouldn't hit a man wearing a toaster would you?"

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God talk

Two weeks ago in this space we welcomed Senator Joseph Lieberman's candidacy for vice president, noting that it broke down at least two barriers in American public life. As the first Jew nominated for a national ticket by a major party, Lieberman's candidacy, like Al Smith's and John F. Kennedy's, potentially opens the highest offices in the land to a member of a previously excluded group. Almost as important, however, is the fact that Lieberman is a religiously observant person known for speaking frankly and eloquently about the ways in which his faith informs his political life. On both counts, Lieberman promises to expand and reinvigorate the nation's political conversation. From concerns about the moral tenor of popular entertainment to basic questions of social justice, religion can shape the public debate for the better and help keep that debate civil. And as a member of a minority religion, Lieberman can speak about faith in a way that doesn't raise the specter of coercion.

Not everyone has been equally enthusiastic about Lieberman's frequently voiced conviction that public life has more to gain than to lose from attending to the religious concerns of citizens. Shortly after our last issue went to press, Lieberman was assailed first by the Anti-Defamation League and then by the editorial pages of the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* along with other self-appointed guardians of the "wall" of separation between church and state. Specifically, critics charged Lieberman with moral overreaching and religious pandering in a speech he gave from the pulpit of a black church in Detroit August 27. "As a people we need to reaffirm our faith and renew the dedication of our nation and ourselves to God and God's purpose," Lieberman had said. "There must be a place for faith in American public life."

The Anti-Defamation League, a Jewish antidiscrimination group, promptly demanded Lieberman refrain from "overt expressions" of religious faith. "We do not think that religion belongs in the political campaign and the political arena," the organization said in a letter to the candidate. The *New York Times* accused Lieberman of "crossing the boundaries of tolerance" by linking morality to religion, and observed with foreboding that "there should never be any compromise with the Constitution's ban on government establishment of religion." Needless to say, Lieberman's critics, mostly from the secular liberal end of the political spectrum, have long objected to the way the right wing injects religion into politics and were anxious to acquit themselves of a double standard when it came to Lieberman.

Although Lieberman is sensitive to these concerns, as he should be, he has not been deterred. In truth, the criticism is predictable and misguided, and just as knee-jerk as liberal scorn for religious conservatives. Lieberman has repeatedly voiced his commitment to the separation of church and state, and he has been careful to avoid justifying specific public policy positions by an appeal to religion. The notion that a politician's evoking "God's purpose" while speaking in a church risks an establishment of religion is nearly as comical as it is absurd. Critics hasten to assure us that they welcome the way Lieberman's strong religious faith is manifest in his political life; they just want him to keep quiet about it. But it is hard to imagine how religion is to contribute to our public life if religion is not to

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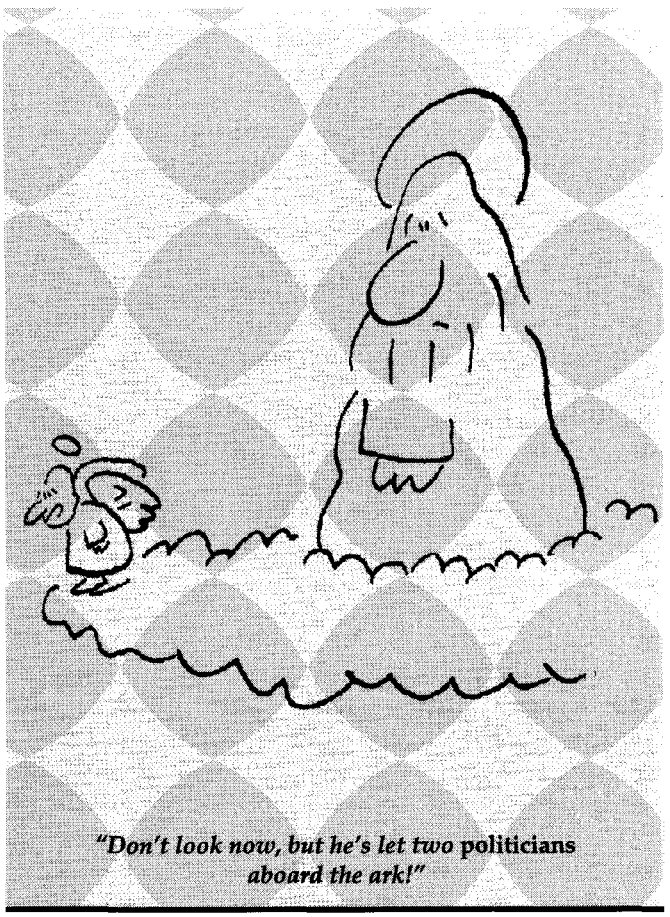
be spoken of in public. As Lieberman himself has put it, "the Constitution guarantees freedom of religion, not freedom from religion."

Of course religion, like the threat of crime or the scope of defense spending or any other neuralgic issue, can be exploited for political ends. Demagoguery is always a danger. It does not follow, however, that the danger is best combated by quarantining the suspect. Religious claims must be subject to the same scrutiny and criticism as any other voice seeking to influence public policy. By the same token, dogmatic opponents of religion's public role should stop crying "separation of church and state" every time a reference to religion pops out of a politician's mouth in a crowded theater or church. The danger some liberal groups perceive in the public expression of religion is not warranted constitutionally or historically, and is often little more than prejudice.

Religion has played an essential, even predominant, role in shaping American democracy from its founding documents, in the abolitionist movement, and through the modern human rights era. To the extent we judge that democracy a success, religion should get a fair share of the credit. That said, Americans have not the slightest inclination to impose a religious test on those seeking political office, nor are they easily duped by showy piety. Americans simply want religiously motivated views to be given an equal hearing. In that sense, it was telling that Lieberman was criticized for a speech delivered in a black church. The civil rights revolution of the last fifty years has arguably been the single greatest moral achievement of modern American democracy and is perhaps the best example of the inevitable confluence of religion and politics. That achievement would have been impossible without the black church and the appeal religious leaders made to the larger society, in explicitly religious language, for social justice and equal rights. The Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., did not seek an establishment of religion, but he did challenge the nation, from pulpits and political venues, to make good on the promise of equality embodied in the religion of the majority and guaranteed by the Constitution. Reasonable people can disagree with Joseph Lieberman on certain issues—we certainly do—but his religious words remind us of the irreducible moral dimension of politics.



"Don't look now, but he's let two politicians aboard the ark!"

ET CETERA

Confessions of a Holy Ghost writer ■ One should always be grateful to our ecclesiastical authorities for discovering new ways of sinning. Unfortunately, while ingenuity in discovering faults waxes, oracular confession wanes. This leaves the penitent sinner with an ever increasing burden of guilt with no ready means of relief. In my case, however, the nature of the transgression is such that a public confession in the pages of *Commonweal* would be more than appropriate.

The Vatican has recently revealed the error of having lay persons deliver sermons at Mass and therefore sternly decreed that only a priest may homilize. In my former diocese, one of the most powerful and sought-after preachers was a vowed woman religious. Properly she should now retreat to the blessed silence of the cloister whence she strayed into the pulpit.

I am certain that she will there have ample time for penitence at the presumption of her preaching. My case is more grievous and less amenable to remedy.

At the instigation of a friendly Jesuit, I have been writing sermons which are printed up in a publication distributed to priests throughout the land.

I am, I confess, a Holy Ghost writer. Presumably my words may be read out in churches from coast to coast. The voice is the voice of the priest, but the words are the words of a layman. Now, I am certain that priestly charism transubstantiates my lame lay prose into inspired revelation, but do not my efforts smack of presumption! I had consoled myself with the thought that if God could speak through Balaam's ass (Numbers 22: 28-30), he might even speak through a mere layman. Happily, Rome has rectified my misguided views.

Since the sermons have been published without attribution, and in order to protect innocent priests who may actually have spoken a layman's words, I remain,

Ever faithfully yours,

ANONYMOUS

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Theological Note

Making doctrine The 1975 declaration "Certain Questions Concerning Sexual Ethics" (*Persona humana*) is among the documents that are seen to constitute Catholic teaching on homosexuality. In light of its content, some theologians, and most recently Father Robert Nugent and Sister Jeannine Gramick of New Ways Ministry, are judged to be in error in teaching or pastoral practice. But does the document have the authoritative status the Vatican seems to think?

A little history is in order. After the publication of *Persona humana* in 1975, certain facts concerning its methodology and official interpretation came to light—facts that would seem to reduce its authoritative status. Still, it continues to be cited by the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith as if it were securely in place as an indisputable part of official Catholic teaching on homosexuality.

When the document was first proposed, theologians from different schools of moral theology were invited to collaborate in writing it. There were theologians from the more conservative manualist tradition who approach moral questions by deducing moral conclusions from abstract principles; in this case, they included Cardinal Pietro Palazzini, former professor of theology at the Lateran; Jan Visser, C.SS.R., professor of moral theology at Propaganda Fide; and Ermenegildo Lio, a Franciscan theologian. There were also theologians from the personalist tradition whose starting point is the human person, personal relationships, and, importantly, the human relationship with God; these theologians included Sean O'Riordan, C.SS.R., professor of moral theology at the Alphonsianum, and Joseph Fuchs, S.J., professor of moral theology at the Gregorian.

In 1977, at a workshop on human sexuality conducted at Saint John's University, Fuchs acknowledged that he was part of the original team of writers. He told us that after a few weeks of attempted collaboration on the declaration, he and other personalist theologians withdrew (O'Riordan says they were dropped) because of insurmountable disagreements with the more conservative theologians who then produced the document on their own. He also confirmed the assertions by O'Riordan in a 1976 *Clergy Review* article about the declaration concerning the writing of the document, its content, and its methodology.

In O'Riordan's article, he pointed out that the document "reproduces in large part a chapter in a book recently published by Cardinal Palazzini on Christian life and virtues. In this book the cardinal follows the old methodology—principles are stated, and conclusions are drawn more or less independently of human persons and the complexities of human existence." According to some Roman newspapers, when questioned about this, the cardinal said that when writing his book, he had the document in mind, so that, strictly speaking, it was the document that was in his book, and not vice versa.

But there is more to the story. Visser, one of Palazzini's collaborators on the text, had something to say about the declaration, its interpretation and implementation, in an interview published in *L'Europa* [January 30, 1976]. In his own work, Visser distinguishes between a moral theology that embodies absolute, inflexible principles, and a pastoral theology that concerns itself with persons and individual situations where the principles of moral theology could be applied leniently out of compassion and sensitivity to personal needs. Visser adheres to the view that, judged in terms of principles, homosexuality is intrinsically immoral. But when counseling a homosexual person, Visser is concerned with enabling this person to live a Christian life in his or her concrete situation. In the *L'Europa* interview, he explained, "when one is dealing with people who are so deeply homosexual that they will be in serious personal and perhaps social trouble unless they attain a steady partnership, within their homosexual lives, one can recommend them to seek such a partnership, and one accepts this relationship as the best they can do in their present situation."

O'Riordan, who cites this quote in his *Clergy Review* article, adds that Visser justifies this morally permissible option by an appeal to the lesser of two evils. Here, pastoral theology mediates between an absolute, abstract principle and a compassionate judgment concerning a real-life situation. Needless to say, some moralists would go from the absolute principle to a condemnation, regardless of the particular circumstances. Furthermore, this position of absolute condemnation is the one most commonly thought to represent the Vatican's position on Catholic teaching regarding homosexual persons.

Indeed, some readers were so concerned at the pastoral position attributed to Visser that they wrote to him, asking if O'Riordan had described his views correctly. In response, Visser quibbled a little with how O'Riordan had quoted him but went on to affirm that as a matter of sound pastoral practice, he would allow a stable relationship between two homosexuals to be maintained on the basis of the principle of the lesser of two evils.

In any case, the Vatican has never revoked his interpretation of leniency in pastoral practice for homosexuals in a stable relationship, and it stands as a quasi-official interpretation of a curial declaration by one of its official authors. These facts lead me to conclude that we should challenge the position that the declaration *Persona humana* is an integral part of Catholic teaching on homosexuality when, in fact, it is the view of one school of Roman theologians, and, in particular, of one cardinal who would foist his personal views on the universal church as "Catholic teaching." It is unacceptable that teaching documents formulated by a few curial officials and their theologians should be used to justify punitive treatment of theologians and pastoral practitioners like Gramick and Nugent. But it is also the fault of overly timid bishops and religious superiors if they fail to call the Vatican's behavior what it is—a scandalous abuse of power. □

The Reverend Paul Surlis *is associate professor of moral theology and social ethics at Saint John's University, New York.*

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WILLIAM PFAFF

PINOCHET'S DOWNFALL

Was Margaret Thatcher responsible?

The medieval scholar Anton Pegis once said that God writes straight with crooked lines. That observation might be applied to the lines linking Augusto Pinochet to Margaret Thatcher.

I do not refer to Mrs. Thatcher's expressed sympathy for the general in his present plight, but to her inadvertent responsibility for putting him where he is today. She was, arguably, the most important single agent, two decades ago, in the restoration of democracy to Argentina, Chile, and neighboring nations in southern Latin America. General Pinochet goes before the justice of his own country in October, when the Chilean judge Juan Guzmán is to interrogate him concerning crimes allegedly committed while hew was president of Chile.

Another crooked line of fatality connects both Pinochet and the Argentine military junta of the 1970s–1980s to the latest international effort to establish supranational criminal law. This is the UN treaty, signed two years ago by the vast majority of UN members (excluding the United States), to create a permanent international War Crimes Court. The treaty almost certainly would not exist today, had it not been for what happened in Latin America.

Still another line connects the CIA (and the supposed *realpolitik* of the Nixon administration in the 1970s) to the refusal of the United States in 1998–2000 either to sign that UN treaty or to open fully its own records concerning past U.S. policy toward Pinochet and the so-called Operation Condor. Next month Pinochet will confront charges that range from political torture and murder to the theft of children from their parents. This is possible because two years ago British justice chose to execute an international mandate of arrest issued by a Spanish judge, Baltasar Garzón. Garzón wanted the general tried in Spain on charges concerning the murders or "disappearances" of Spanish citizens in Chile, during the Pinochet dictatorship. The British home secretary eventually refused extradition on medical grounds, permitting the general to return to Chile. However, these pressures from the international judiciary, and the widening public demand in Europe and Latin America that retired dictators be judged for their actions, emboldened a new president of Chile and the courts in that country to bring Pinochet to justice.

Margaret Thatcher is fundamental to this story because of what she did as Britain's prime minister in April 1982. Early that month, the military junta that had seized power in Argentina six years earlier invaded the British Crown Colony of the Falkland Islands. Thatcher reacted with fury, ordering British forces to retake the islands. This they did within two and a half months, in an extraordinary feat of arms, thanks to sensational naval, air, and army improvisation in the South Atlantic. Argentina surrendered, the military government was discredited, and by December 1983, civilian rule had been reestablished.

Witnessing this fiasco of the Argentine military, and sensing a change in the international climate, Pinochet began negotiations that eventually brought civilian rule back to his country as well. However, Pinochet was responsible not only for his government's acts in Chile, but for Operation Condor, an alliance of secret police forces in Chile, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia, and Brazil, to cooperate in "the clandestine elimination of subversive elements." Official figures from the governments of those countries suggest that some thirteen thousand of their citizens died or "disappeared" during the 1970s and early 1980s. Human-rights organizations claim that the true number is closer to thirty-five thousand. One victim was a former Chilean ambassador to the United States, the Socialist opposition leader Orlando Letelier, assassinated on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, D.C. (together with an American associate) by two Venezuelans authorized by the CIA—"through negligence"—to enter the United States as tourists.

Brazil has ordered its archives on Operation Condor opened. Among the suspected Brazilian victims were two former presidents of the country. Archives have been opened in Paraguay. Uruguay has granted amnesty to those who committed crimes but has a commission examining the record and has promised to indemnify victims. Bolivia has convicted some of those responsible and is currently trying fifty officers.

The implication of the CIA in events leading up to the Pinochet coup in Chile is now established beyond question, as is Washington's contemporary knowledge of Operation Condor and its objectives. Demands for full publication of U.S. documents have met opposition from the CIA and from some Nixon administration officials, despite President Bill Clinton's as yet unfulfilled promise that the relevant information would be disclosed. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright has tried to make the truth known, calling the release of U.S. documents concerning the Pinochet dictatorship, the Argentine junta, and Operation Condor an ethical obligation of the United States. The CIA claims that release of the documents would disclose "a pattern of activity" revealing methods "employed worldwide"—a remarkable admission, if you think about it.

The CIA's concern is one of those causing the Pentagon, and the U.S. government itself, to relentlessly resist establishment of the permanent War Crimes Court. Americans might be called before it. One would like to think this concern unjustified. □

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SIDNEY CALLAHAN

GENDER DIFFERENCES

Chemistry or culture?

If you know about "fight or flight" responses in threatening situations, you are probably ready for "tend and befriend" strategies. Researchers in the most recent *Psychological Review* report that females react to danger by quieting and soothing their offspring and by affiliating with a group for protection. For if females fight, or flee, they endanger the survival of their progeny and of themselves. Better to calm down and blend into friendly networks.

In contrast, the classic male "fight or flight" response to threats activates the sympathetic nervous system with cascading adrenaline hormones secreted into the bloodstream. These highly aroused animals are then mobilized to attack or to flee. But in our civilized world, men cannot easily fight or flee from threats. The resulting buildup of frustrated stress responses has been blamed for the high rates of male cardiovascular disease, and for the fact that men live on the average seven and a half years less than women.

Females can have sympathetic arousal to stress as well, but as the new model of tending and befriending proposes, women more often respond with surges of sedating hormones, anxiety-calming oxytocin enhanced by estrogen. Since assaults and threats to females often come from aggressive males, even from a sexual partner, females who face stress turn to female networks of kin and friends. They create and maintain these cooperative female groups to enhance their survival and that of their offspring. As compared with males, women are thus more likely to "tend and befriend," to create and maintain networks, and to be less threatened by crowding. Such maternal strategies are part of an innate attachment-nurturing system that operates not only in females but in their infants. Such behavior rests on the neuroendocrine underpinnings of oxytocin, estrogen, and opioid mechanisms.

Aha! say those who argue for the importance of innate gender differences between males and females: here is more proof of the complementary nature of men and women. But many feminists like myself who stress gender similarities are quite ready to accept the fact that evolutionary mechanisms have produced some universal sex differences oriented to sexual reproduction. Who can deny that males always and everywhere exhibit more rough-and-tumble juvenile play, more physical aggression, more upper-body strength, and perhaps greater spatial abilities? And yes, females develop verbal abilities earlier, have different play patterns, and emotionally invest more in reproduction. But other differences—in SAT scores, in speech and behavioral patterns (such as the male inability to ask for directions)—can be explained as arising from specific cultural effects. Of course socialization always builds upon biology, but gender differences can be either accentuated or minimized in comparison to other individual differences and commonalities between the sexes.

I accept an evolutionary perspective that maintains there are biologically given human characteristics resulting from natural selection in the distant past, the so-called EEA or era of evolutionary adaptation. The environment that once determined human survival on the savannas was different from today's complex technological society. Cultural evolution also takes place, and is able to transform innate biological human responses. Those who want to affirm human progress must be ready to acknowledge what *is*, in order to work for what *ought* to be. (If, however, it turns out that women really are the superior sex, we will just have to accept this fact and move forward.)

Fortunately, at this point ignorance about gender differences keeps us from drawing conclusions about their significance and value. Since hardly any studies of male affiliation have been done, it may be true that males also possess "tend and befriend" responses that can be activated under certain conditions. It is also acknowledged that women are as aggressive as men, but express their hostility in less physical ways. As SAT scores even out, so do rates of female and male stress, addiction, and disease. It turns out that the female networks of kin and friends, created and maintained for mutual support, can themselves be sources of stress. Finally, full neuroendocrinal evidence is not in yet. We know, for example, that males also produce oxytocin and estrogen, and that females produce stress hormones. Most crucially, in the big-brained self-conscious human species, the full influence of consciousness on physiology, sex, gender, and reproductive behavior remains unknown.

Admittedly, my scientific intuitions about sex and gender are shaped by theological commitments as well as by reason, research, and interpretations of my experience. I believe in a God beyond gender ("I am who am") who creates human beings in God's own image as one human family. I am not surprised by new scientific findings demonstrating that the unity and genetic similarity of the human species are far greater than the relatively superficial differences of race. I expect that gender differences will be found to be less important than gender similarities and individual differences. After all, Jesus was born a male and yet displayed passionate "tend and befriend" responses in the face of threat. He loved and nurtured his friends and he desired to take the people of Jerusalem under his wings, like a mother hen. Surely Christian disciples, whether male or female, must mother each other—tending and befriending till kingdom come. □

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Wilson Carey McWilliams

Campaign 2000

Most voters remain indifferent

You might think this year's presidential race would be exciting: going into the stretch, Al Gore and George W. Bush are running neck and neck, and both parties have at least a chance to control Congress. Not many voters, however, are on the edge of their seats. Most of the interest in the election so far has been polite or mildly irritated. The stakes are real, but do not move us very much. And issues aside, relatively few Americans are finding candidates they love; even candidates to hate seem in short supply. (Hillary Clinton still stirs juices, of course, especially on the Right, which ranks her as a rival to her husband for the status of arch-fiend. But the Left has to scramble for equivalents: Newt is off-stage; for most voters, House Majority Whip Tom DeLay is too obscure; Pat Buchanan is sinking—and not slowly—into the bog of irrelevance.) Even the voters who make it to the polls in November may have moments of wondering why they came.

At the moment, Al Gore seems likely to win the presidency and it's a good bet the Republicans will keep majorities in both houses. Times are good, after all: in political science, the most sophisticated models, based on economic data, are all predicting a Gore victory, some by very wide margins. Actually, it's more complicated than that. With an exuberant stock market and an economy running at high speed, Middle Americans in the millions have been tempted to take their current prosperity more or less for granted, discounting their immediate interests in favor of their hopes. In this mood, as sociologist Alan Wolfe observes, our growing inequality looks less appalling; becoming rich seems both more enticing and more desperately necessary. The Republican program—tax cuts favoring the well-to-do, the repeal of the estate tax, the privatization of Social Security—speaks to that sensibility, and George W. Bush still has reason to think that it may help him into the White House.

But the economy and the market have been slowing down, not enough to hurt—the movement is ordinarily described as "lateral"—but enough to introduce an element of uncertainty that strengthens Al Gore's hand. Gore still benefits from prosperity, but the note of caution makes voters more inclined to worry about security, more concerned to have a government that will protect them against the market at its worst, and less disposed to rock what is, after all, a rather comfortable boat.

Bush's strong suits, however, have always been his more attractive personality and the broad itch to get past the seediness of the Clinton administration. Bush has the advantage, moreover, of having captured the Religious Right, instructed by the impeachment disaster about the limits of its power, yet eager for revenge. The dominant spirits on the Right were content to show their muscle in the Republican primaries and in the unchanged plank on abortion. And with the nomination in hand, Bush—no rightist—began his gallop toward the inclusive center, affirming traditional values but promising toleration, emphasizing compassion at the expense of conservatism. The Republican convention, staged in that spirit, was a great success. Many pundits expected Bush's lead to stand up.

Gore, however, is first rate as a counterpuncher. In the first place, by selecting Senator Joseph Lieberman as a running mate Gore did more than put some distance between himself and Clinton. The Lieberman nomination allows social conservatives—to say nothing of people attached to the decencies—to find something attractive, or at least not repugnant, in the Democratic ticket. It limits Bush's ability to move toward the center without having to worry about his own right, especially in the North. And Gore's moral signal may be enough to let him claim the political high ground.

Trailing Bush in the personality sweepstakes, Gore has turned, almost of necessity, to an appeal to party. (Throughout the campaign, Democrats have been much less committed to Gore than Republicans to Bush). Gore's championship of "working families" is partisan combat at least as much as it is an appeal to "class war." In fact, it's hard not to believe that the vice president or someone in his confidence has read, and been persuaded by, *America's Forgotten Majority* (Basic Books), in which Ruy Teixeira and Joel Rogers argue that the white working class, more than "soccer moms," has been the swing vote in recent elections. In any case, Gore's appeal, calculated to shore up his base (and limit any defections to Ralph Nader), is also calibrated to a time when economic uneasiness is causing Americans to pay more attention to the ways in which our new-model inequality threatens the dignity of ordinary Americans and the democracy of our politics.

Of course, Al Gore as a "populist" hero of the working class is not really credible. As Frank Rich wrote in the *New York Times*, the Democrats are "awash" in their own version of big money, and Al Gore has served, loyally, in an administration relatively indifferent to the claims of equality or, in the crunch, to American labor. The Republicans, however, can't and don't want to attack Gore on that basis, since their own record and program is a good deal worse. (Or at least as bad: Bush, like Gore, supported "normalizing" trade with China.) Republicans prefer to assail Gore's suspect fundraising, accusations that move very few voters, since most Americans are convinced—probably rightly—that there isn't much either party won't do for a fast buck. "Working families" seem to be concluding that, although Gore is two-faced, at least one face is friendly; as E.J.Dionne observes, Gore is making the case that the election does matter after all.

Nothing either side is saying, however, is likely to capture America's imagination or avoid a low turnout. More Americans will vote, probably, than watched the last episode

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of "Survivor" on TV, but it will be close.

"Survivor," in fact, revealed a good deal about our civic life. Except in moments, it wasn't about the physical difficulties of survival: the show was preeminently about the politics of survival, and it claimed us, I think, because viewers could watch people engaged in the practice of self-government, maneuvering and speaking in a community where individual citizens visibly mattered, each show culminating in a vote. (In the best democratic fashion, too, the choice of the ultimate winner was made by losers, the individually weak—as defined by the game—collectively controlling the strong.) By contrast, "Big Brother," so much less popular, leaves the crucial decisions to the mass, call-in audience; its participants fall short of self-government, and its politics is too much like what we have. It is significant, after all, that young Americans—the least likely to vote—were most likely to watch "Survivor": the show was, in many ways, a measure of our political discontents.

Rightly, more and more Americans are convinced that our politics, a matter of masses and media, is increasingly dominated by money. Our public life is becoming more oligarchic in fact, despite its democratic form, losing its old enchantments. And our leaders—even Al Gore, that gonfalonier of working families—are too much concerned with our well-being as consumers, too little attentive to our dignity as citizens. Whatever the outcome, that is not likely to be changed by the election of 2000. □

Wilson Carey McWilliams, *a regular contributor, is the author of* Beyond the Politics of Disappointment? American Elections 1980–98 *(Chatham House).*

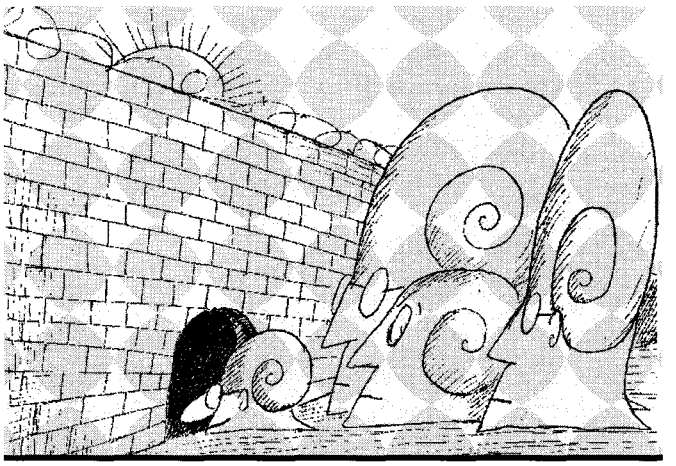
John Rodden

THE BERLIN WALL LIVES

Today, it's a mental construct

If history be a guide, the tenth anniversary of German reunification on October 3 promises to be a raucous affair. *Tag der Einheit*—"Unity Day" or "Day of Oneness"—has none of the warm, fuzzy, patriotic spirit of France's Bastille Day or our Fourth of July. On almost every *Tag der Einheit,* police and security forces have been called in to handle left- or right-wing riots. Truth be told, Germans from both the East and West remain profoundly ambivalent about their reunited nation.

Given the task the Germans set for themselves in 1989, it is not surprising that the birthdays of the new Germany have been mostly unhappy ones. German reunification meant two states, with utterly opposing economic and political systems, one of 65 million citizens and another of 16 million, voluntarily and mutually agreeing to become one nation, with the larger state aiding and modernizing (or, as some would soon protest, devouring) the smaller one. Not surprisingly, Easterners have resented the Westerners' alleged superiority as the big Deutschmark daddy whose fat wallet has modernized their region; Westerners are indignant that Easterners expect handouts and are not more grateful for the bailout from communism.



These tensions make October 3 seem more like "Dis-Unity Day," and most Germans agree that "internal unity" has not advanced far. A decade after the Wall has fallen, the so-called *Mauer im Kopf*—"the wall in their heads"—remains.

To an optimistic, forward-looking, pragmatic American, the negative verdicts about the progress of reunification seem at once both unduly pessimistic and rather naive. Why don't Germans stress the substantial progress that has been made toward reconciling and uniting two Germanies that had opposing democratic-capitalist and Communist systems? For instance, one seldom hears Germans—unless they are politicians—note the important fact that today Eastern Germany is the most prosperous region of what was formerly the East European Communist bloc with a standard of living seven times that of its former Communist neighbors, such as Hungary and Bulgaria. The former East Germany, with a growth rate approaching 10 percent per year during the last five years, is the fastest-growing region of the industrialized world. And reunited Germany is clearly the strongest nation in the European Union, as signified by the EU's decision to locate its central bank in Frankfurt.

"Internal unity" is a lofty goal, and Americans might well ask if the Germans' dour attitude about reunification is just another manifestation of Teutonic *Weltschmerz,* a temperamental heaviness of heart that characterizes much of German life. After forty-five years of hostility, and in an age of multiculturalism—when hundreds of thousands of immigrants have poured into their country since reunification—why do Germans expect that 80 million people can become a close-knit family virtually overnight? Whatever the reason, the "wall in their heads" remains nearly insurmountable.

Last October 3, for example, even leading German clergy—usually reluctant to address political issues—spoke out on the problem. The official Unity Day festivities, sponsored jointly by Berlin and the Western city of Wiesbaden, opened in Wiesbaden with an ecumenical religious service. Bishop

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Franz Kamphaus of the Catholic diocese of Limburg voiced what was on many minds: "We've missed so many chances. The danger of a permanent, evil asymmetry between East and West, between haves and have-nots, is not small." Peter Steinacker, the president of the Lutheran church in the state of Hessen, agreed: "Ten years after the fall of the Wall, there isn't much remaining of our great vision of a quick and perfect reunification."

Even the politicians didn't prettify the situation. Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder of the Social Democrats (SPD), who ended Helmut Kohl's and the Christian Democrats' sixteen-year reign in October 1998, shocked the nation by distancing himself from Kohl's implicit commitment to bail out Eastern Germany indefinitely. Schroeder jolted listeners by announcing that he was cutting federal subsidies to the East—which have totaled $540 billion since 1990. He acknowledged that the nation is divided and that Western German wealth can't buy harmonious unity. Easterners were outraged.

This pervasive sense of disappointment and conflict must be placed in context. Bitter cold-war divisions seemed headed toward healing after the euphoria felt on November 9, 1989—the day the Berlin Wall fell. Germans, it was widely felt, shared a common family bond. Amid the feel-good climate of 1989–90, Kohl and most Eastern Germans didn't want to focus on the formidable barriers to putting the nation back together.

But reunification, an unprecedented experiment in social and political reclamation, was bound to fall short of the exalted German ideal of national solidarity. Patience, empathy, and mutual acceptance have also been lacking, as the violence of some protesters readily attests. Last year, left-wing Unity Day demonstrators in Berlin, marching under the banner of "Stop German Power Madness," faced police armed with fire hoses and minitanks. One hundred eighty were arrested. At the same time, skinheads and neo-Nazis defaced the largest Jewish cemetery in Berlin—which, with more than 115,000 graves, is also Europe's biggest. At least 100 gravestones were broken or overturned. Andreas Nachama, the president of the Central Council of German Jews, spoke of "irreparable damage." Others saw the vandalism as proof of how a virulent anti-Semitism endures in Germany.

Unity Day 1999 ended with the release of a poll from Allensbach, the Gallup of Germany. The poll suggested that Germans were willing to turn back the reunification clock: 13 percent of Western Germans and 11 percent of Eastern Germans said they would rather live in separate Germanies.

It is hard to tell how significant these numbers are. France and Italy, for instance, seem far more politically divided than Germany. Right-wing French and Italian parties regularly capture up to 20 percent of the national vote (as opposed to 2 to 3 percent that the extreme right polls in Germany). Germans, however, take little consolation from the political troubles of their neighbors. Only Germany has a Nazi past to overcome. Consequently, all expressions of violence or extremist politics are treated with the utmost seriousness.

The Unity Day crimes of 1999, for example, were highlighted and interpreted in the worst possible light by the German press. Clearly, the legacy of war guilt remains powerful. This explains both the protests against, and the somber tone of, Unity Day activities. Germans remain extremely anxious that patriotic displays in celebration of reunification may be misinterpreted as right-wing muscle-flexing, even Nazi nationalism. Indeed, the refusal to celebrate the achievements of post-reunification Germany can seem a kind of final punishment—without any statute of limitations—for the jingoism and war crimes of the Nazis.

Although it is undeniable that Germany's Unity Day events have been haunted by violence, it is still possible to make the argument that things have improved. The 1999 protests paled compared to those of five years earlier. On the eve of the fourth anniversary of German unification, riots left eight policemen injured during a night of looting and firebombing in the northern city of Bremen, official host to the 1994 festivities. As many as three hundred young people roamed the city, overturning cars and fighting with more than two thousand police. I was in Germany that day, watching the official ceremonies on TV from the Eastern city of Weimar. As protesters yelled, "Never Again Germany" and "German Unity—Nothing to Celebrate," President Roman Herzog took the podium to deliver his keynote speech. Johannes Rau, the premier of Rhineland-Falls in Western Germany, followed, straining to be heard above the protesting crowd: "The visible walls between us have fallen, but doubts and prejudices have made some invisible divides wider."

"The wall in their heads"—the psychological division between so-called *Ossis* (Eastern Germans) and *Wessis* (Western Germans)—did not rise overnight. It was built during a mutually antagonistic occupation era (1945–49) in which the United States and the USSR dominated German affairs. It was solidified across a cold war lasting more than four decades. All the chancellor's men and women will not be able to put the nation back together again in a mere decade. And it was Pollyannaish ever to imagine otherwise, especially while the psychological wall continues to be fortified by economic disparities. Despite the phenomenal economic growth rate in the East, Germans are well aware that it has been largely fueled by Western German transfer payments. Germans note that the 14 percent Eastern unemployment rate is twice that of the West. Eastern wages are 30 percent lower.

Wessis have resented mightily that they are still subsidizing the East via higher taxes. Easterners, for their part, hate their dependence and question the new political arrangement. A recent poll showed that, whereas 77 percent of Easterners believed in the benefits of a market economy in 1990, today only 36 percent support a market economy and only one-third consider democracy to be the best form of government. So, despite good intentions on the part of so many people and an overall lessening of tensions, Dis-Unity Day will prevail for the foreseeable future. □

John Rodden *is the author of* Repainting the Little Red Schoolhouse: A History of Eastern German Education, 1945–95 *(Oxford University Press).*

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WORKERS OF THE WORLD

It's time to unite

Robert A. Senser

The computer-generated sign at the door of a meeting room in the Asian Development Bank [ADB] headquarters near Manila announces: "WORKER RIGHTS. Brown Bag: 12:15 P.M."

Inside, more than two dozen ADB staff members, none with a brown bag but some with sandwiches, are assembled during lunch time. They are listening to and talking with five Filipino guests: three union leaders and two representatives of nongovernmental organizations. It is the first-ever dialogue between bank staffers and people representing working men and women from the country in which the ADB has its headquarters.

In a half-hour slide presentation, Isidro Antonio Asper, vice president of the Philippine Federation of Free Workers, focuses on how ADB policies affect ordinary people and why the bank must become more responsive to their needs. Instead of imposing loan conditions restricting increases in the legal minimum wage, for example, the ADB "should help our government understand that workers need a living wage," so that (among other reasons) child labor can be eliminated. Asper's point is later amplified by his four colleagues, all members of the Philippine branch of a new network of trade unions, nongovernmental organizations, and academics in Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Thailand.

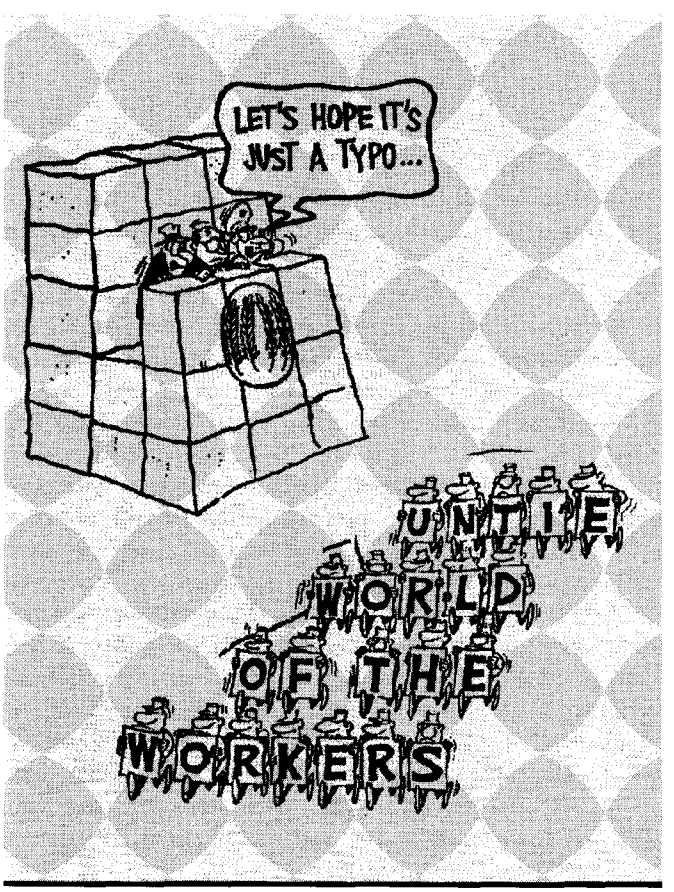
A bank staff member challenges Asper's assertion that the ADB imposes labor restrictions on some loans. But a senior bank official, Ayumi Konishi, intervenes to say that ADB has indeed imposed such restrictions, and cites a specific case in Thailand in which he was personally involved.

One of Asper's key points is that, before making major decisions—such as on privatization or deregulation—the ADB should release information about its plans and should negotiate with nongovernmental representatives of civil society about the plans' impact on people. The idea of "negotiating" raises eyebrows and an objection: how can unions, with only a minority of the labor force as members, claim to represent all workers? Hal Ponder, Philippine country representative of the AFL-CIO's Solidarity Center, who is sitting in on the meeting, responds with a question of his own: "If trade unions can't speak for workers, who can?"

During fifteen minutes of friendly conversation after the program ends, Konishi, the bank official, emphasizes that ADB could benefit from outside input, especially to "challenge our assumptions," and that it needs to engage in "dialogue on overall issues—we have not done this."

It was during a four-week research trip to Southeast Asia this spring that I had the opportunity to attend the session at the ADB. I couldn't but be impressed. One bank staff member, although also impressed, sent me a cautionary note later via e-mail: "Getting through the door, and being taken seriously by the ranking hierarchy, are two entirely different matters."

Still, that meeting is a sign of the times, exemplifying a global phenomenon. Although the concept of international worker rights is a far from recent creation, in the past few years it has reached the "tipping point" of recognition where it can now be discussed even in the hallowed halls of the ADB.



Robert A. Senser *is the editor of* Human Rights for Workers *(www.senser.com). His first article in* Commonweal, *"Appeal of a Catholic Workman," appeared in the February 2, 1940 issue.*

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Guinea Pig

A pet, domesticated overmuch,
Inhabiting interminable lulls,
Most pusillanimous of animals,
Inertia's own, quiescent as the sands,
And shy to venture even round the hutch,
Her pleasure is a motor in my hands,
An instrument set racing with a touch.

A little thing of breath and heat compact,
Mildest of spirits, in a flask of fur,
Without even a sound as signature,
No bark or whinny, whistle or meow,
No word to instigate or to react,
She gently nods assent to here and now,
An answer well-considered and exact.

I'll learn from this one how much not to do,
How large a silence to accumulate,
To serve with those who only stand and wait,
To change alfalfa, sawdust, water, salt,
For other needs as moderate and few,
To thrill when lifted, visited exalt,
Nor ever speak till I be spoken through.

Alfred Nicol

Like the distinguished seventeenth-century Frenchman in a Molière play who exclaims, "My Lord, I've been talking prose for the last forty years and have never known it," late in the twentieth century some distinguished international institutions awakened to an everyday reality whose significance they had not grasped earlier—the role of "civil society" (all those private individuals, groups, agencies, and organizations that interact to create a society's patterns and tone). Two of those newly enlightened institutions are the Washington-based World Bank and International Monetary Fund. Founded, funded, and controlled by governments, until recently both limited their operations to governments and the financial fraternity close to governments. Under pressure, the two vast bureaucracies have gradually opened their offices and their minds to outsiders. The World Bank now has "civil society specialists" in about seventy-five of its ninety offices in the developing world. Regular and often intensive consultations with labor and environmental groups—national and international—are becoming standard.

In 1995, for the first time in its history, the World Bank devoted its prestigious annual *World Development Report* to the working world, with an entire chapter on unions. "Free trade unions," it affirmed, "are a cornerstone of any effective system that seeks to balance the need for enterprises to remain competitive with the aspirations of workers for higher wages and better working conditions." The report then weighed the "positive" and "negative" sides of unionization, and concluded cautiously that the effect of unions can be positive or negative, depending largely on government regulation. Since then, the ADB has gradually rated unions more positively.

In January, Joseph Stiglitz, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, testified to that change at the end of his three years as chief economist of the World Bank. In a remarkable address to the Industrial Relations Research Association in Boston, Stiglitz said: "Labor unions and other genuine forms of popular self-organization are key to democratic economic development. That is why today the World Bank supports the labor standards of the ILO [International Labor Organization], including the rights to organize and collectively bargain."

A year ago, at a conference on corporate responsibility and globalization held at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington, the Reverend Leon H. Sullivan, author of the Sullivan Principles for companies in South Africa in the apartheid era, spoke about the need for new Sullivan Principles to "help companies to put their houses in order" in the global economy. United Nations Secretary General Kofi Annan is a convert to that cause. For almost two years he has been promulgating a new "Global Compact" on human rights, labor standards, and the environment. At UN headquarters on July 26, executives of nearly fifty multinational corporations became the first business members of a new international coalition of private-sector leaders to "embrace and enact" the compact, not only in their individual corporate practices but also in lobbying for public policies. Among other things, the compact calls on world business to uphold "freedom of association and the effective recognition of the right to collective bargaining."

Those developments at the UN, the World Bank, and several other international institutions reflect the gradual awakening of the world's elite to the fact that globalization, for all its marvels, has serious downsides. Even Thomas L. Friedman, foreign affairs columnist of the *New York Times*, who is often euphoric about globalization, recognizes that fact. In *The Lexus and the Olive Tree* (Anchor, 2000), Friedman writes that it is necessary to address the problem of sweatshops and other abuses of workers' rights. For many workers around the world, he says, oppression by totalitarian states "has been replaced with oppression by the unregulated capitalists, who move their manufacturing from country to country, constantly in search of those who will work for the lowest wages and lowest standards." As a consequence, Friedman points out, "people in the developing world are increasingly focused on worker rights, jobs, the right to organize, and the right to decent working conditions."

But the challenge remains of how to achieve those rights in an international labor market that is still largely a law-

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less jungle, with a globe-girdling gap between principles and practice, between rhetoric and action.

Convinced that the toothless rules of the UN's ILO no longer suffice, many unions in both developed and developing countries have long campaigned to link worker rights and trade rights in the rule-making and rule-enforcing powers of the World Trade Organization (the WTO, like the World Bank and the IMF, is not part of the UN system). That campaign, embraced by the Clinton administration, shook up the historic WTO meeting in Seattle late last year. Thanks in part to opposition from the governments of some developing countries, even a very modest U.S. proposal—to establish a committee to discuss the state of worker rights in the global economy—failed, but the campaign nonetheless scored a public-relations triumph. TV coverage of large and occasionally violent street demonstrations made millions here and around the world aware of issues that the media ordinarily consider boring.

An unforeseen consequence of the campaign aimed at the WTO has been to reinforce labor initiatives that bypass the WTO. The UN Global Compact is one. Another beneficiary has been the International Labor Organization. The ILO, never before widely favored in its eighty-one-year history, has emerged with unprecedented financial and moral support as *the* international organization to deal with worker rights. The U.S. Council for International Business, for example, which represents U.S. employers in the ILO's tripartite structure, now says openly that "strengthening the ILO to deal with egregious violations of labor practices...should...remove pressure on the U.S. government to use trade agreements (for example, 'fast track,' WTO) to deal with labor standards."

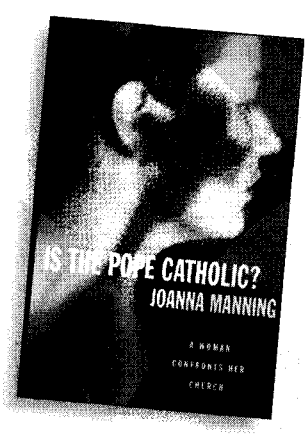
A great deal of the new support for the ILO has an ulterior motive: to ensure that, among international institutions, the ILO keeps the labor cause as its own property, not to be touched by the WTO or any other effective mechanism of enforcement. The maneuvering is a continuing drama, with the plot action taking place not in isolation but within a larger context—the conflict over the direction of globalization. In this raging controversy, many influential individuals and organizations have voiced their discontent with the present shape of globalization. Amid the prolonged economic tumult that first erupted in Asia in mid-1997, Robert E. Rubin, then secretary of the U.S. Treasury Department, called for reforming "the architecture of the international financial system." Jagdish Bhagwati, a professor of economics and a vigorous proponent of free trade and of the WTO, nevertheless criticizes the WTO's powers to enforce patents and other intellectual property rights through trade sanctions. President Bill Clinton has repeatedly pressured the WTO to adopt reforms aimed at giving it a "human face." None of them—Rubin, Bhagwati, or Clinton—fits the caricature of being antiglobalist.

The real controversy, therefore, is not over whether to reform the WTO and its sister institutions but over *how* to do so, and ultimately for whose benefit. There are two schools of thought on the matter. The dominant school sees the international agencies' role as guiding the evolution of a global economy according to a single capitalist model, with various minor variations. A 1996 comment of Renato Ruggiero, the WTO's first director general—"We are writing the constitution of a single global economy"—epitomizes that sweeping vision. The other school has a narrower focus. It is represented by Dani Rodrik, professor of international political economy at Harvard. He insists that capitalism is a country-by-country phenomenon, with versions that vary widely, and that trying to impose a single global capitalist model on the world is a grave error. He favors letting nations have the widest possible latitude to choose their own development paths. They should be free, for example, to regulate cross-border capital movements themselves, instead of bowing to international rules dictating the unimpeded flow of such transfers. Jagdish Bhagwati also feels strongly about this issue, and has accused a largely American "power elite"—on Wall Street, in the Treasury Department, State Department, the World Bank, and the IMF—of promoting free capital mobility to pursue the self-interest of Wall Street, which that elite "equates with the good of the world."

It is simplistic, therefore, to categorize these controversies as globalism versus antiglobalism. True-blue antiglobalists—those wanting to shut down or cripple the WTO, the World Bank, the IMF, or the ADB, or all four—are few. They are scarcer still among workers. During my trip to Asia I

On the Dignity of Women

Joanna Manning
IS THE POPE CATHOLIC?
A Woman Confronts Her Church



Drawing on her experience as a teacher in the Catholic school system, a former nun, and an outspoken advocate for women's equality, Joanna Manning powerfully articulates how John Paul II's current views on women are not only a disaster for the Catholic Church, but are also a threat to the well-being of all women, regardless of belief.

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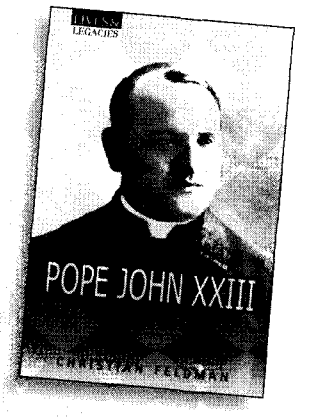
"I am called John."

Christian Feldman
JOHN XXIII
A Spiritual Biography



Already seventy-seven years old, Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli was only expected to stage a transitional papacy. Instead, he became the Pope of Transition by convening the Second Vatican Council in 1962. The Council lasted for five years and saw his death, but it opened wide the windows of the Church – by abating the old pomp, and leading the Church into a New Age.

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did not find workers shouting "Stop the world—we want to get off." Rather, workers are demanding reforms so that they can get *on* the globalization bandwagon and gain their share of its bounty.

Nor does antiglobalism appeal to trade unions. It goes against their nature. The *raison d'etre* of unions is not to drive corporations out of business but to reach binding agreements with them, whether at the plant, company, industry, or national level. That spirit carries over to the international arena. There, the union goal is to get an agreement on labor rights fit for the modern world economy, not to throw a monkey wrench into it.

Just as the debates over globalization no longer center on *whether* global financial institutions need reform but rather on *how* they should be reformed, so the controversy over international worker rights is no longer about whether they need strengthening but by what *means*. Most mainstream economists continue to hold that the elimination of labor abuses depends on economic growth, without the intervention of governments or government-run international institutions. But that position is losing ground. A few economists have even come to see the need for a governmental role in linking trade rights with some form of worker rights. Richard B. Freeman, professor of economics at Harvard, agrees with the union-backed proposal to have the WTO adopt labor rules that, like many of the WTO's other rules, would ultimately be backed by sanctions. Another option, now illegal under WTO rules (except for prison-made goods), is to permit any country to ban the importation of goods made in gross violation of its own standards. Dani Rodrik favors such a procedure, but only in a limited way: for example, to comply with widely held norms of the importing country barring child labor.

The position of Joseph Stiglitz, now a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, transcends both the minimalist and maximalist approaches to shaping the global economy. He has developed a strong case that "worker rights should be a central focus" of economic development. In contradiction to the neoclassical economic assumption that considers human labor as just another "factor" of production, Stiglitz has attacked a great batch of faulty economic propositions that have "served to eviscerate the rights and positions of workers." It is time, he asserts, to "begin a shift in the prevailing paradigm."

Pope John Paul II is the world's leading advocate of the same general idea. Globalization "must be managed wisely," he told a crowd of two hundred thousand on May Day. "*Solidarity too must become globalized*" (italics in the Vatican text). Achieving that solidarity will require a commitment from everyone, including owners, managers, financiers, retailers, professional people, and workers, he said, because of the world's failure fully to respect human dignity and to give "due consideration [to] the universal destination of resources."

As a moral principle, the "universal destination of resources" is traditional in Catholic teaching (it is discussed in the new *Catechism* in the chapter on "Thou Shall Not Steal"), but its meaning is usually kept safely general, certainly not as specific as the teachings on sex. For the Jubilee Year, however, the pope has translated the principle into a very specific goal: canceling or reducing the huge international debt that burdens many poor nations. On May Day he renewed his call for debt relief, appealing "to the rich and developed nations, but also to people of great wealth and to those who are in a position to foster solidarity among peoples."

But globalization has built into it a larger set of powerful instruments that, for good or for ill, affect human solidarity: foreign investment and trade in goods and services. How, specifically, can wealthy nations and people, through expanded international trade and investment, do more to achieve the universal destination of resources? That question has still not been given due consideration.

In fact, we have hardly scratched the surface of the potential for human progress opened by globalization. The prevailing paradigm no longer suffices to take advantage of today's boundless opportunities. Despite increased global awareness and concern, designing and implementing a new paradigm, whether inspired by Stiglitz or John Paul II, will not be easy. It needs a huge commitment of human ingenuity and funding, along with public and private cooperation—a commitment on a scale equal at least to, say, the project to chart human DNA or to build the international space station. □

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Rand Richards Cooper

EXORCISMS

'Bless the Child' & 'Chuck and Buck'

What made *The Exorcist* so scary, all those years ago? Soon you can test your own hypotheses on a new cut of the movie, set for release next month. But I'll hazard a few now. Of course, there were the gruesome special effects: the floating bed, the geysering emesis and 360-degree head swivel, the suddenly steaming breath, Mike Oldfield's haunting "Tubular Bells" theme. *The Exorcist* set a benchmark for creepiness.

Ultimately, though, it's ideas that shock, and three decades later you can see the rack that the film stretched us on. It hinted at the coming culture wars, giving us the guilt and shame of Ellen Burstyn's character (remember those dark glasses?), as if her daughter's plight must be her fault: careerist/celebrity single mother; politically involved; artsy progressive friends. And it gave us Jason Miller's Father Karras, pitting his good intentions and modern measure of skeptical doubts against the harsh, stoical, and absolutist priest played by Max von Sydow. *The Exorcist* was Catholicism used for quintessentially American Protestant ends, heralding another swing of the moral pendulum back from permissiveness toward puritanism. That the devil might be literally real—and active in a child—attacked a certain comfy progressivism of the era. There might be more to life, the film said, than our benign Main Street Christianity, with good and evil abstracted into ethics, or subsumed altogether into psychology, could imagine.

Well, a lot of water has churned under the bridge since 1973. Jonestown and Waco, the fall of the Evil Empire, the rise of the born-again movement, global viral scourges, New Age spiritualism, millennial anxieties and follies of every kind, the "X-Files." In today's America, Wiccan groups sue for equal rights, and two out of three of your fellow citizens believe in personal angels. Socially and spiritually it's a whole new ballgame. And yet here comes a movie (you may have to catch it on video), *Bless the Child*, to give us...a little girl with special gifts, being tormented by the devil!

It's fascinating to encounter a film as derivative—as belatedly derivative—as *Bless the Child*. The producer, Mace Neufeld, worked on the *Omen* movies, and he and director Chuck Russell seem to have been time-capsuled straight from 1978 into your neighborhood cineplex. Their film posits a reverse *Exorcist*: Cody (Holliston Coleman), an infant dumped by her drug-addict mother at the door of Aunt Maggie (Kim Basinger), turns out to be a godly child with special powers, whom agents of Satan pursue in an attempt to turn her to their evil ends—or, failing that, to destroy her. (Already the doom squad is prowling the city, scooping up kids born on the fateful date and eliminating them—just like Herod's slaughter of the innocents, we're told, in case we didn't get it .)

Satan's little girl

At this late date, loading a movie with this much Christian iconography and medieval/mystical claptrap—Russell opens with a snow-falling-on-gargoyles night scene set to ominous chanting—is like writing a novel with a Bronte-like "Dear Reader" narrator. You can do it, but you'd better have irony, or parody, or something, on your mind. But it quickly becomes clear that *Bless the Child* has nothing on its mind, and from that moment on, you know exactly what's coming. The step by step, "eerie" revelation of the child's powers. The codger priest who warns us what we're up against. More chanting. A climactic confrontation of darkness and light. Yada yada yada.... And guess who wins.

A film this intent on ignoring its own pedigree unavoidably keeps shooting itself in the foot. You can't believe, for instance, that Maggie would be this slow to twig to the meaning of cutlery that starts shaking, and candles that spontaneously ignite, when her adopted girl is around. I mean, she's seen *The Exorcist*, hasn't she? It's comical, how obviously she's being set up. On the night of Cody's birth, a woman in a bus mentions to Maggie that there's a Christmas star out, one not seen since the Nativity. "I'm not sure I believe in that kind of thing," says Maggie. Uh-oh....Well, you should believe in it. And you should let little Cody play with a rosary. And you shouldn't poohpooh the religiosity of her Central American babysitter, or her Central American teacher, or any other Central American. But these aren't Maggie's biggest sins. When a colleague tells her of "a special-needs school in Brooklyn" for Cody, and adds, "It's Catholic—I don't know if that's a problem for you," Maggie fesses up. "Actually," she says, "I was raised a

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Catholic." Aha! A lapsed Catholic, and a psychiatric nurse to boot!

As it happens, the special-needs school turns out to be a Gothic stone fortress of a church, staffed by teams of fervent nuns in immense habits (I kept expecting one of them to tip her wimple and fly, like Sally Field). Little Cody's special talents bloom. Hey, neat trick with the angel paperweight! Neat trick with the votive candles! Neat trick with the dead bird! Catholicism in this movie is a bunch of really cool stunts tied together with arcane mumbo-jumbo. Jimmy Smits plays the FBI agent called in to investigate the disappearing kids, which has stymied a battalion of New York City detectives—he's "a specialist," says the cop who introduces him, "in ritual homicide and cult-related crime." Jimmy's Catholic too—in fact, a former Jesuit seminarian. One supposes that's what qualifies him to pronounce, after a five-second glance at the evidence, "Whoever did this has a background in classical cult mysticism."

Now there's the understatement of the ages!

The Sixth Sense, whose somber mood this film tries to imitate, worked in part through Haley Joel Osment's deft portrayal of a child's suffocating fear. But also because the movie had something new to offer, namely, the huge plot twist at the end; the entire film was really a vehicle for a sly narrative challenge. *Bless the Child*, on the other hand, has nothing new to offer. Its innovations consist in a few computer-generated winged demons, a trio of astral angels resembling nothing so much as flying jellyfish, and a few inanely smiling bystanders, cadged from "Touched by an Angel," who chip in to save Maggie at opportune moments. Otherwise, it's every hoary cliché of 1975, right down to the embarrassment of Ian Holm, as the renegade priest, shouting such lines as "All of us are chosen by God—all of us can stand against the darkness!"

Bless the Child illuminates the desperate end days of a genre—a cynical and mindless repetition of form, whose chief blasphemy lies in assuming an audience credulous or craven enough to take it all one more time, and then sticking it to us, without even the saving grace of a devilish chuckle.

Miguel Arteta's *Chuck and Buck* offers a far different take on childhood innocence. Like Cody in *Bless the Child*, Buck O'Brien is a kid surrounded by toys. But he's a kid in a man's body, a twenty-seven-year-old stuck emotionally at the age of eleven. We've seen a spate of arrested-development movies over the years, from *Forrest Gump* to the Farrelly Brothers, a subgenre of child-in-an-adult's-body comedies that invite us to recall the innocent fun of playing around (like Tom Hanks in *Big*) or poke satiric fun at the adult world (Peter Sellers in *Being There*). Buck's innocence, on the other hand, isn't really funny, and Arteta's film is one of the uneasiest comedies you'll ever see. Its opening scene shows Buck among his toys, as in the next room his ill mother is literally coughing herself to death. His father having died years before, Buck is suddenly alone, and pathetically unequal to the task. From the start we see something is off with him. "You wanna go see my room?" he excitedly asks his childhood best friend, Chuck, flown in from L.A. for the mother's funeral. The two haven't seen each other since Chuck moved away fifteen years ago, and it soon becomes clear that Buck is mired in a highly romanticized memory of their friendship.

In fact, he's in love with Chuck—or Charlie, as he's known out in L.A., a successful music executive. Years ago, the two engaged in some childhood sex games, and Buck remains in thrall to the memory. He's fixed on that point of his life, and fixated on Chuck. After the funeral, he packs up his toys and moves to L.A., where he draws a bead on Chuck and zeroes in. In his dawdling, shy-child way, he's unstoppable—hanging around Chuck's office, plaguing him with calls, peering through windows while Chuck and his fiancée make love; writing a ludicrous play, called *Hank and Frank*, that expresses his ardor. Before we know it, we've landed in a kind of stalker film. This is a real-life stalker film, however; Arteta works not from some baseless, faceless malevolence, but from the humanity of his protagonist, to a large extent keeping us inside Buck's hopeless, happy fantasies, even while nudging him toward truly disturbing potentials—a disjunction captured by the film's dissonantly cheerful girl-rocker soundtrack.

Mike White, who also wrote the script, plays Buck with total conviction. He's sweet, and in Chuck's presence positively star-struck—his eyes go fluttery with adoration; he fawns and flushes and can barely see anyone else. Confronted with adult perspectives, for instance from the woman he's paying to vanity-stage his play— "it's a homosexual misogynistic erotic love story, right?," she says—he stares with glazed incomprehension. At times, Buck's arrested development sounds like standard slacker-speak; and some viewers will see this entire film as an expression of profound generational ambivalence toward the very idea of growing up. ("What do you do in here?" marvels Buck, looking around Charlie's office. "Is it real now, or is it still, like, a game?") But what I found compelling is the inside look Arteta gives at an obsession. Buck wants to feel the way he remembers having felt at eleven, and nothing else is real to him, be it Charlie's new friends, his house, car, job, fiancée—"all this other stuff," as Buck calls it, perplexed. Unable to see that these annoyances are actually Chuck's life, he's indignant when they keep getting in his way. As his overtures meet with rejection, bafflement turns into wounded petulance, then weeping, self-pitying rage, and the light situational humor of the film takes a darker turn.

Chuck and Buck doesn't indulge our prevailing nostalgia for the virtues and innocent fun of childhood. Indeed, a child's selfish singleness of purpose lodged in an adult's body, an adult's life, is dangerous. Ultimately, *Chuck and Buck* backs away from its own darkness, supplying a surprisingly Hollywood ending to this most un-Hollywood of movies. But along the way, it gives due weight to the ferocious and insistent memory, amid a life filled with hurt, of having loved. □

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AN APPRECIATION

Keith Burris

AS CLEAR AS GLASS

Sir Alec Guinness

Since his death in England last month at age eighty-six, I have been reviewing the films I could find of the great and elusive Alec Guinness, and lamenting the ones I could not find or had never seen.

I have never seen *The Prisoner* (1955), in which he plays a Roman Catholic cardinal imprisoned in an Iron Curtain nation during the cold war—a man imprisoned also by his own beliefs and doubts. Guinness played the part on stage and in film, and is said to have been even better in the stage version. It strikes me as a role he was born to play, and one that no one else could play with his insight and sympathy.

He's awfully good in his two other priest roles: as Monsignor Quixote, in a 1985 BBC production based on the Graham Greene novella of the same name, and as Father Brown in *The Detective* (1954), the one Chesterton adaption he did on film. (What a pity there were not more.) In both of those parts Guinness got to be a clown (an oafish, unself-conscious clown) *and* a man of depth. This was perfect for him. In so many of his straight parts the ironic inflection, or look, peeks out but cannot stay. And in the comedies there is an underlying sadness—like Buster Keaton's.

Certainly there was something priestly in Guinness: something at once intimate and detached; a bit sexless, in a fussy way; and, of course, there is that amazing quiet and stillness. (Is not master spy George Smiley priestly, and is not that both his blessing and his curse?) Laurence Olivier was all motion, even if it was only his face in camera. Guinness was stillness.

Also priestlike was Guinness's deflection of attention from himself. What one often hopes for in a priest is the ability to escape the ego—to listen. Guinness, in every part, appears to be listening and watching. And if you read his diaries and multivolume autobiography, specifically *Blessings in Disguise* (1986), you find out he was doing just that in private life. He was picking out his little bits of this or that characteristic to meditate on, absorb, and appropriate—a

shuffle here, a dialect there, a mannerism too odd to be seen as stage business.

I'm sure I first saw him in *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (1957), when I was too young to "get" the movie or his character. Seeing it years later, I was astonished. And I was astonished also, after Guinness's death, to read the common journalistic verdict that the duty-bound prisoner of war Colonel Richardson was mad. Was he? Surely the point was that one couldn't finally say whether Richardson was impossibly noble or impossibly nuts.

And this is the point of Guinness's art. He never lets you see more than a few burning embers. He never takes you all the way below the surface. And he never cheapens the character.

It was often said that he disappeared into the character and was a man of masks. True enough, technically. But you always knew it was Guinness. That quiet centeredness was the core of every portrayal.

The tube gave me my first glimpse of how good Guinness could be. It was a BBC import of Shaw's play *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and Guinness was an incredible Caesar—tragic, detached, and self-aware. He played the part as a grown-up Hamlet, with touches of Gandhi, Adlai Stevenson, and a hit man. And there was not an ounce of the maudlin or sentimental.

Guinness and Olivier both played the blind English barrister in John Mortimer's *A Voyage Round My Father* (1971). Olivier played him (on film) as a mean old SOB who was lovable in spite of himself. Guinness played him (on stage) as a mean old SOB who was utterly unlovable, but who demanded love.

He said he was not an actor in the league of the really great ones. Of the finest English stage actors of his era—John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, and himself—Guinness seemed to rank Guinness a proper fourth. Certainly he was not as heroic as the others. And there is no doubt that he never bested the Bard as the others did. But there was something pure about his acting. It is acting without ego, if such a thing is possible. It is *not* all technique and masks, but a sort of clear glass. He goes right to the heart of the playwright's creation, cutting out the middle stop at the actor's star turn.

I would have loved to see Guinness playing Dean Swift, in a one-man show of the actor's own devising. Or as Dylan Thomas. Or in the Alan Bennett plays he did in London's West End in later years. Guinness actually loved the theater more than films, and he loved it for reasons that seem very Catholic: the rituals surrounding preparation and production, the corporate nature of theater work and friendships, the reliance upon text versus image. He was a sacred text man, to be sure, one who knew pas-

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sages of Shakespeare, Jane Austen, and e.e. cummings by heart.

But his greatest successes were on film. And he was by far the best and most successful of his generation in the movies. It seems a sacrilege that Gielgud is best remembered for the Dudley Moore farce *Arthur*. And Olivier, except for his great Henry V and his very, very great *Lear*, made mostly dreadful movies, which he often made worse by the hammiest of ham acting.

Guinness was often, and probably justly, accused of underacting in the movies, but never of overacting. The cliché is that film is the director's sandbox, stage the actor's. Guinness made film an actor's medium, with sheer variety of roles and inventiveness (also the mark of his stage career), and, at the same time, the directness and truthfulness of his characterizations. He always improved the bad movies he was in. *Star Wars* (1977) would have been *Buck Rogers* without him. He couldn't save *Lovesick* (1982), but it is worth watching to see Guinness as Freud.

His faith was not important to his craft in any way that I can detect, except that it was important to him. He said that his conversion to Catholicism (along with the music of Haydn) kept him sane. He never quite explained that because, I gather, he thought he didn't need to. Guinness himself told the story of taking a break during the filming of *The Detective* one evening in France. He strolled down the street in his priest's cassock and a little boy he had never seen before sidled up to him and silently took his hand. They walked along in silence, and in the dark, Guinness afraid to speak for fear of frightening the boy with his strange English tones, until the boy got to where he wanted to go and ran off. Guinness said this incident suggested to him that there must be something justly sacred and lasting about the Catholic church. He added that the walk with the boy wasn't *why* he became a Catholic; it simply got his attention. But it was the story he told about how he came to the church. And unlike so many famous converts, he stayed.

It is fun to think of Guinness and his friend Graham Greene debating Catholic doctrine and Catholic folly over sherry or Scotch, but I suppose they never did. Probably both were too English, too reticent, and equally bored and embarrassed by pretension. Reading his published diaries, one sees that later in life Guinness got a bit impatient with clumsy liturgies and illiterate sermons (he said it was a relief to go to the Farm Street Church in London and experience a dignified Mass and an intelligent preacher), but just when you are about to type him as a religious or political Tory, he surprises you with an unexpected prejudice. He was not PC, in any direction.

Sir Alec Guinness remained, steadfastly, an elusive individual, hiding not so much behind his masks as the mystery and dignity he brought to his life and work. *Requiescat in pace.* □

Keith Burris, *editorial page editor of the* Manchester Journal-Inquirer *in Manchester, Connecticut, is writing a biography of the conductor Robert Shaw.*

RETRIEVAL & RENEWAL
Ressourcement
IN CATHOLIC THOUGHT

We,
the Ordinary People
of the Streets

Madeleine Delbrêl
Preface by Hans Urs von Balthasar

We, the Ordinary People of the Streets contains a series of powerful reflections by Madeleine Delbrêl (1904–1964), an award-winning poet, writer, and Catholic layperson whose religious conviction and insight led her to a life of social work in the atheistic, Communist-dominated city of Ivry-sur-Seine, France.

In these posthumously published texts, Delbrêl draws from her own experiences living in Ivry, witnessing to the possibility of a life at once rooted radically in the Church and fully engaged in the world. Spanning the whole of Delbrêl's life, these passionate literary texts explore the Christian's role in a secular society, the difficulty of faith in an atheistic environment, the need for prayer, the centrality of the Church, and the fundamental importance of loving both God and our neighbors.

Including an excellent introduction to Delbrêl's life and faith by her friend Fr. Jacques Loew and a preface by Hans Urs von Balthasar, this volume is of much more than historical interest; these writings present a highly relevant paradigm for Christian life in the modern world.

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Sage, scholar, statesman

The Gentleman from New York
Daniel Patrick Moynihan, A Biography
Godfrey Hodgson
Houghton Mifflin, $35, 464 pp.

Charles R. Morris

Americans are unique in their scorn for government, for in the broader Western tradition it is among the highest of callings. Certainly America's Founders understood it that way—Adams, Madison, and Hamilton were almost painfully self-conscious that they would be judged against the standards of Pericles and the Gracchi. The splendidly creative American statesmanship in the wake of World War II was similarly imbued with a solemn awareness of transcendent purpose; even Americans understood that George Marshall was a great man. But for most of the rest of our history, Americans have tended to regard government as, at best, a refuge for scoundrels and boobs, and, at worst, almost as a kind of tumor.

It is Daniel Patrick Moynihan's almost anachronistic respect for government and his insistence on the preciousness of the American democratic tradition that make him such a singularly attractive public figure. And it is the great virtue of Godfrey Hodgson's smoothly written *The Gentleman from New York* that he fully explores Moynihan's historical understanding of the American experiment and his deeply felt commitment to its values. As a British journalist and a long-time observer of American affairs, Hodgson may have the detachment to appreciate American uniqueness in a way a native reporter could not.

There is a striking vignette from the immediate aftermath of the Kennedy assassination. Moynihan, then a young subcabinet official, frantically circulated official Washington, carrying a nineteenth-century Protestant tract proving that John Wilkes Booth was a Jesuit and Lincoln's death the consequence of a papal conspiracy. He was pleading that Lee Harvey Oswald be placed in secure custody and that a remorseless public investigation be launched immediately—not because he believed there was a conspiracy, but precisely because he believed that there was not. And, of course, he was right. Because of Oswald's death, the acrid stench of conspiracy will forever linger over the assassination; and the weeds of mistrust, which so flourished over the succeeding decades, took root. But can one imagine any other politician making such an appeal?

Moynihan's personal politics have always been of the American social liberal, center-left variety, leavened by a disdainful skepticism for the fashionable nostrums of the chattering classes. But reporters and politicos have often complained about his slipperiness, usually because they have misunderstood that his politics have always yielded place to the paramount task of preserving the integrity of the compact that allows Americans to be such a lightly governed people.

As a consequence, while Moynihan is strongly commited to government programs for the needy, he has been scornful of the micromanagerial overreachings of the Johnson War on Poverty or the Clinton national health-care proposals. Respect for government is too important, he has insisted, to be placed at risk by ill-thought-out extravaganzas. Similarly, during the cold war he was equally dismissive of the authoritarian Left that idealized Stalinism and of the dogmatic Right, including virtually all of the national security agencies, that grossly overestimated the capacities of the Soviet Union. Virtually alone among officialdom, Moynihan confidently forecast in 1979 that the Soviet Union was about to collapse from its accumulated record of economic blunders and monstrous abuses.

During his brief, and fiery, stint

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as ambassador to the United Nations, Moynihan once responded to a complaint that he had been "rude" to the worthies of a UN committee on decolonization. He had meant to be rude, he responded. The committee consisted of "sixteen police states, four democracies, and four others. 'We are not about to be lectured by police states on the processes of electoral democracy.'"

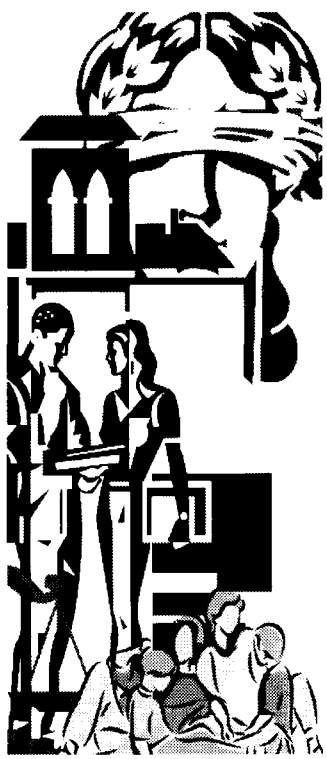
Gentleman is not a muckraking biography. Hodgson is a long-time friend of the Moynihans and an open admirer of the senator, and even more of Moynihan's wife Elizabeth, an indispensable contributor to the senator's career. Liz coped with a young family during frequent moves on low salaries, and at the same time managed Pat's political career, salved his ego, and somehow found time (sans college degree) to produce original scholarship on the history and culture of India. It is hard to imagine Moynihan achieving his eminence without her.

But Hodgson steers clear of hagiography, providing at least a glimpse of the senator's tender ego, his sometimes desperate ambitions, the occasional adroit obsequiousness to a Lyndon Johnson or a Richard Nixon. Much of the Moynihan legend—the poor boy who fought his way up from the violent streets of Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen—is sheer fabrication. He was born in Tulsa into a family from the comfortable middle classes of Indiana, where Pat spent his boyhood vacations. His father came to New York as an advertising copywriter, and they lived in Greenwich Village, Long Island, and Ridgefield, New Jersey.

Security disappeared, however, when the father deserted, and the family endured periods of dire poverty as Moynihan's mother tried to support six children on her own. Moynihan and his brother really did shine shoes after school to help support the family. But while he did live in Hell's Kitchen, it was only briefly, over his mother's bar, one summer when he was home on college vacation, and his career as a stevedore was similarly brief while he was a college student. Hodgson also deals forthrightly with the allegations of the senator's possible alcoholism, concluding that while Moynihan and his friends often drank shocking quantities of liquor, he has greatly moderated his drinking in recent years, and that there is no evidence that it ever interfered with his public responsibilities.

Hodgson's approach to biography is in many ways as refreshing as Moynihan's to government. There was once a highly civil tradition of honoring worthy public men in the twilight of their careers with a "Life." Our skeptical era would never tolerate the panegyrics of, say, the Victorian age. Hodgson's book, however, is entirely satisfying. It is solidly researched and often critical, but the underlying spirit is friendly and grateful. Here is a man, Hodgson tells us, who deserves the public's honor, for we are all the better for his services. Anyone who reads his fine book will come away in full agreement. □

Charles R. Morris *is the author of* American Catholic *(Times Books), among other books.*



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STILL A CLASSIC

The Human Phenomenon
Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
Translated by Sarah Appleton-Weber
Sussex Academic Press, $69.95, 320 pp.

John F. Haught

Ever since 1959, Bernard Wall's serviceable English translation of *Le Phenomene humain* has been the main access many of us have had to Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's most important book. Now the poet and scholar Sarah Appleton-Weber has given a more painstaking rendition of what is arguably the most visionary work of the last century. Readers will find here a more accurate and reliable translation than the previous one, though Wall's Harper Torchbook version is far from being unusable and it does have the advantage of being affordable. Unfortunately, the price of this new version ($69.95 in hardback) will hardly make Teilhard's vision more accessible to many today. We can only hope that the publishers will soon issue an inexpensive paperback edition. Appleton-Weber's polished translation certainly merits wide distribution.

This authoritative edition, movingly introduced by Brian Swimme, contains numerous illuminating footnotes by the translator, including references to revisions during the manuscript's history prior to publication. Those who have never read Teilhard before will find this new translation very inviting, and those already familiar with him will appreciate the precision that was sometimes lacking earlier. English-language readers for many years to come will be deeply indebted to Sarah Appleton-Weber for her loving and lucid work.

Teilhard wrote most of the *Phenomenon* during a period of virtual exile in China in the 1920s and '30s. Its main message is that there is an overall directionality in evolution toward increasing "complexity-consciousness." While this interpretation proved too ideological for his fellow scientists, Teilhard's enthusiastic acceptance of an evolutionary understanding of human origins was alarming to his religious superiors, who found it hard to reconcile with church teachings on Original Sin. The Vatican too got involved and refused permission to publish his major work while Teilhard was alive. This rejection was not only emotionally distressful to the brilliant Jesuit paleontologist, but it stood in the way of any improvements or corrections he might have made if he had been given the opportunity to respond to the comments of a wide readership.

How well does Teilhard's major work hold up today? At a time when the dialogue of science with religion is flourishing it is worth asking once again whether Teilhard's essay, originally presented as a work of "science," can still make a significant contribution. Suspected of unorthodoxy by members of his own church during his lifetime, Teilhard has not fared well with the dominantly materialist disposition of evolutionary scientists and philosophers since his death. Jacques Monod accused him of systematically "truckling" to millenarian dreams. Stephen Jay Gould, disgusted by Teilhard's intuition that evolution has a direction, saw him as the leader of a new "cult" and even associated him with the iniquitous Piltdown hoax. Daniel Dennett recently branded him a "loser." A few respected scientists, most notably Julian Huxley and Theodosius Dobzhansky, have defended him, but contemporary scientific works on evolution, if they refer to Teilhard at all, accuse him of drawing conclusions unwarranted by the evidence. Interestingly, many of his critics are themselves metaphysical materialists who consider their own ideas completely free of assumptions extraneous to science.

The renowned biologist and essayist Harold Morowitz has recently issued a more balanced assessment. He does not profess to understand Teilhard's theology, but he does admire Teilhard's biology. He perceptively points out, for example, that the *Phenomenon* had already

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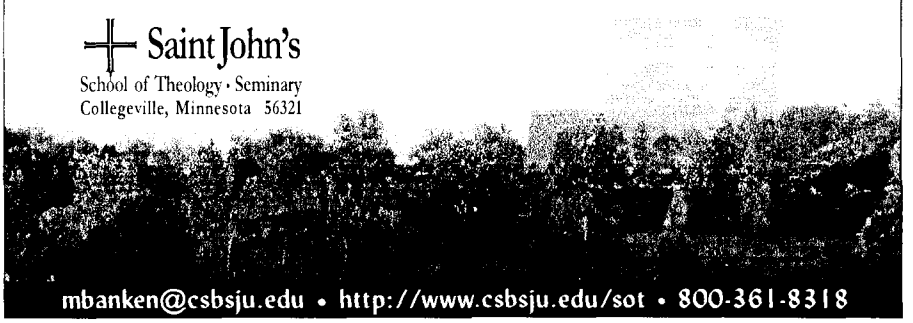

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anticipated Gould's and Eldredge's celebrated theory of punctuated equilibrium without labeling it as such. Morowitz could also have noted that Teilhard's book effectively defuses anti-Darwinian creationist efforts to interpret the infrequency of transitional fossils as evidence of divine "special creation."

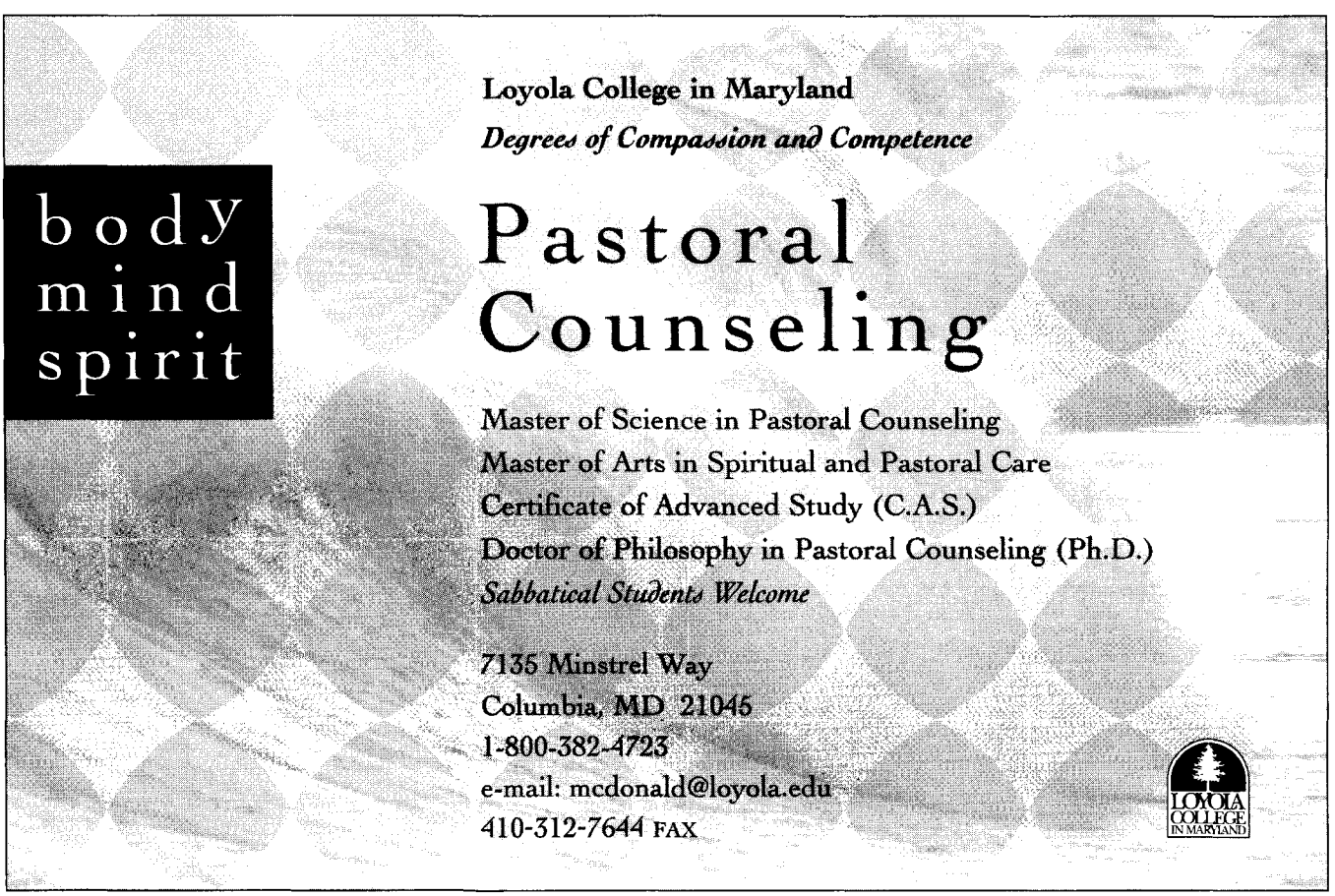
Unfortunately, by insisting that the *Phenomenon* should be read as a work of science rather than of metaphysics or theology Teilhard did not help his reputation. He naively assumed that those who embrace the scientific spirit should, of all people, be willing to open their eyes. Isn't science, after all, bound to an empirical imperative? Shouldn't it take into account all of the data available to our experience, including the experience of ourselves as subjects, as conscious beings? Why, if we intend to be truly scientific, do we post a No Entry sign at the point where the cosmos exposes an "interior" dimension of emergent consciousness? Isn't subjectivity an objective aspect of the universe?

At any rate, the "phenomenon" Teilhard examines is at bottom not an isolated "human" world, but a universe that cannot be understood objectively without taking into account the human—and along with it the element of interiority or consciousness that runs throughout nature. Like William James and Alfred North Whitehead, Teilhard thought the true spirit of science should lead us to practice a radical form of empiricism. Science should consider the full range of experience, leaving nothing out arbitrarily.

This means, first of all, that science should attend to the "inside" of things and not restrict its gaze to the outside (Appleton-Weber prefers the term "inside" to Wall's "within"). Second, an adequate science should not shut its eyes to the axis of directionality, the increasing complexity-consciousness, in evolution. And, third, since human knowing cannot function without assuming unity and intelligibility as its goal, science may legitimately conclude that any universe that gives rise to our consciousness must itself be convergent on a climactic unity, a destiny that Teilhard refers to abstractly as "Omega."

All of this, Teilhard believed, falls within the compass of science. A narrower "science," one that restricts its focus only to the "outside" of things, cannot see the "human phenomenon" at all except obscurely, through filters that screen out that which is truly unique to it. This inadvertence diminishes not only anthropology but also cosmology. We cannot seriously aspire to understand the universe so long as we leave out of our account its latest great achievement, human consciousness. Only the arbitrary modern segregation of mind from nature has made it possible to look upon the mind "in here" as rootless and the mindless universe "out there" as pointless. If we could learn to see mind as an essential rather than accidental aspect of the universe, a whole new sense of the cosmos and of ourselves would follow.

But is this attention to the world's "inside" really science? The question will be debated increasingly in the years ahead. No doubt Teilhard believed that he was simply telling us what he had



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seen. His occasional references to himself as a "seer" may seem immodest, but they are really expressions of honesty. Perhaps we are still too "modern" to define science so widely that it embraces the fact of subjectivity or the directional and convergent character of the cosmos. But then perhaps we should be willing to admit that what we mean by science is not as radically empirical as we may have thought.

If scientists today complain about Teilhard's wild "extrapolations," some of his religious admirers wish that he had demonstrated more of an environmental awareness. Like most other religious thinkers of his day, Teilhard did not have what we would call an explicitly ecological sensitivity. However, his most lasting contribution to both religion and ecology will probably turn out to be simply that he taught us how to love the earth without having to turn our backs on heaven. For this reason alone he will find his place among the most important Christian thinkers ever. And to those who believe that religion—for the sake of its intellectual credibility and even its survival—must eventually come to grips with evolution, Teilhard will always shine forth as a model of courage and truthfulness. □

John F. Haught *teaches theology at Georgetown University. His most recent book is* God after Darwin *(Westview).*

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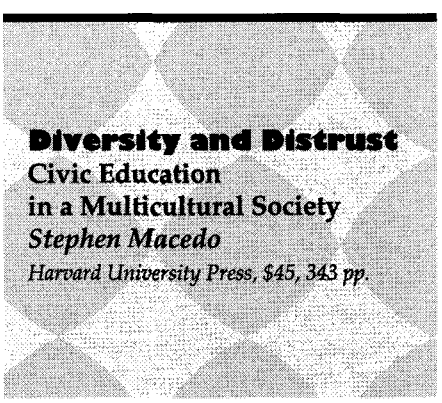

Richard Boyd

Catholic schools are often praised as models of educational excellence in the face of the violence, declining test scores, and bureaucratic incompetence of the public schools. Political philosopher Stephen Macedo sees things differently; he thinks Catholic schools are a threat to liberal democracy. His latest book also goads libertarians, fundamentalist advocates of school prayer, ACLU liberals, and multiculturalists. He is an equal-opportunity dissenter.

What's at stake in Macedo's work is nothing less than our understanding of liberalism itself. Against critics on the left and right, Macedo defends the role of public schools as inculcators of "liberal civic ideals." The relationship between American public education and "civic ideals" has, of course, a checkered past. Nineteenth-century common-school advocates like Horace Mann and Josiah Strong combined a desire for creating a liberal democratic citizenry with xenophobia, anti-Catholicism, and nativism. Macedo's avowedly revisionist history tries to disentangle "legitimate civic purposes" from the uglier passions of public-school proponents. That's fair enough. Unfortunately, a similar feel for historical complexity in characterizing Catholic views is absent. For example, "centuries of often quite effective opposition to the basic tenets of liberal democracy" on the part of the church may partly explain resistance to public schools, but the self-consciously Protestant, assimilationist overtones of common schools did little to allay Catholic fears.

In making his case for public schools that embody a strong civic agenda, Macedo champions "liberal public reason" and outlines certain ideal conditions—reasonableness, reciprocity, mutuality, tolerance—to which religious communities must subscribe in defending their values. If religious groups deserve the right not to be disproportionately and unfairly burdened by public-school curricula (the "enforced secularism" of which many today complain), they in turn must set forward their religious convictions in ways that subscribe to the tenets of liberal public reason. However, Macedo ignores how this "bargain" already stacks the deck on the side of a liberal public reason that many experience as oppressive. Indeed, ready declarations of the sovereignty of liberal public reason like Macedo's can help explain why religious groups often confront public life with what the author calls "prickly sensitivity."

Macedo stresses the role public schools can play in counteracting prejudice and the potentially repressive sway of families, churches, or other moral communities. He is dubious about Supreme Court decisions like *Wisconsin* v. *Yoder* that grant broad parental control of children's education. However, this focus on Old Order Amish, Christian fundamentalists, and Catholic opponents of public schooling

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yields a skewed sense of the problem. Religious communities are not the greatest threat to the sort of civic community Macedo rightly longs for. Gross disparities between suburban and urban public school systems, for example, have a much greater impact on the development of tolerance, mutual respect, or a sense of a common civic life. Tied to geographical districts (and locality to social class and race), public schools are often provincial and segregated environments that reinforce racial and class distinctions. If we truly want to foster habits of tolerance and mutuality among different groups, the case of wealthy parents pulling their children out of public institutions is at least as problematic as the obstinacy of religious fundamentalists. Moreover, as advocates of mandatory civil service and civic education suggest, there are more direct means of forging civic ideals than striving for the kind of "liberal" control over public school curricula Macedo advocates. Actual experience of, and interaction with, other peoples and cultures is crucial.

In short, there are better ways to advance "liberal public reason" and core liberal values than by further inhibiting the actions of parents and religious groups. Without denying for a moment the lamentable prejudice and narrow-mindedness of many Americans, it is important to step back and consider whether the tolerance, openness, and critical reflection Macedo emphasizes are sufficient. Tolerance, though essential, is only one side of the civic equation. Shouldn't schools also teach virtues like patriotism, loyalty, and respect for law and legitimate authority? These values are obviously vital for maintaining liberal democratic institutions, and are little encouraged by contemporary market society. Catholic or parochial schools may in fact do a better job of promoting such civic virtues. By assuming a necessary convergence between the values of public institutions and those of civil society, Macedo misses one of the paradoxes of democracy: ostensibly "illiberal" institutions like the family, church, and parochial schools may offer just the values that liberal democratic institutions themselves are incapable of providing. Perhaps the greatest irony of this work is that Macedo's "civic ideals" seem less "civic" and intended more to maximize the autonomy of private individuals.

Many self-identified liberals will also wonder if Macedo's "civic liberalism" and "liberal public reason" are really liberal at all. Neither ACLU liberals nor multiculturalists will readily concede that the public school ought to have any role whatsoever in inculcating something as potentially oppressive as "civic ideals," even the modest version outlined here. Others more amenable to community will complain that the author's prescriptions do not go far enough. Marginal cases like the Amish or Catholic and evangelical homeschoolers notwithstanding, the nation's more conspicuous problem is a secularism that denies any public standing for religion whatsoever. In advancing his robust version of "civic liberalism," Macedo fails to account adequately for the ways in which religion historically has been, and still is, a friend and wellspring of political liberty. □

Richard Boyd *is a graduate student in political philosophy at the University of Chicago.*

Lawrence S. Cunningham

RELIGION BOOKNOTES

In his apostolic letter *Tertio millenio adveniente* (1994), Pope John Paul II announced a plan to create a martyrology of all those—Catholic, Orthodox, Anglican, and Protestant—who suffered for the faith in the twentieth century. Last May a public celebration was held at the Colosseum in Rome to honor (but not by name) such witnesses to the faith. Robert Royal, inspired by the words of the 1994 letter, decided to write a book on such martyrs. While he restricted his efforts to Roman Catholic martyrs, his was still a monumental task. (More than eight thousand names of proposed Catholic martyrs have been forwarded to Rome.) By being judiciously selective as well as writing well, Royal has provided us with a useful panoramic view of the many people who died for Christ in the twentieth century.

The Catholic Martyrs of the Twentieth Century
Robert Royal
Crossroad/Herder & Herder, $39.95, 448 pp.

In some chapters, Royal's strategy is to tell one person's story as a microcosm for a whole nation's history of persecution. For example, his chapter on Mexico chronicles, in some detail, the life and death of Miguel Pro, S.J., as well as the death of so many other priests, sisters, and lay Catholic activists. In other places (the Ukraine, for example), the sheer scope of the persecution demanded a wider lens. As Royal notes, the preponderance of his material comes from the militant atheistic states under communism. However, he does provide a judicious chapter on the recent martyrs of Central and Latin America. His material on such sad places as Sudan is much more sketchy, but that story is, alas, still unfolding. Royal has done a good job in providing a readable survey even though the sources he relies on are, at times, overly hagiographic.

While I recognize that this is a work of history, I am sorry that Royal did not elucidate better the concept of martyrdom and the challenges provided by contemporary martyrs. He says, in his introduction, that he will leave such issues to the "church," by which he means, of course, the Roman dicasteries. Yet, by canonizing as martyrs Edith Stein and Maximilian Kolbe (to name just two), the

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pope has extended the definition of the martyr. Indeed, John Paul has spoken of Kolbe as a "martyr of charity." The old rule of thumb, enunciated by Augustine, was that the "cause and not the punishment" (*causa non poena*) made the martyr. This rule was further developed by Aquinas who described martyrs as those who died in defense of the truth. Thomas rightly noted that John the Baptist died not in defense of faith but for his protest against sexual license. It is that broader understanding of martyr which is found in the pope's *Veritatis splendor*.

Although I understand why Royal limited himself to Roman Catholics, there could be a very interesting theological discussion about those who died for Christ who were not Catholic. Some prelate in Rome recently argued that one should distinguish between martyrs and witnesses for the faith so that the former term might reflect more faithfully the canonization process. This is the distinction of a canonist, not a theologian. I think it worthwhile to reflect more fully on the papal assertion, in more than one place, that martyrdom is the most profound form of ecumenism. What, deeply, does that mean?

This book's thin conceptual framework should be mildly lamented, though not so much as to underestimate its real achievement. Royal has provided a wealth of factual material and for that we should be grateful.

Rome 1300
On the Path of the Pilgrim
Herbert L. Kessler and
Johanna Zacharias
Yale, $35, 237 pp.

This year's millennial celebrations in Rome remind us that the tradition of Holy Year pilgrimages began in 1300 with Pope Boniface VIII. In an earlier column [January 14, 2000] I reviewed Desmond O'Grady's *Rome Reshaped* which gives a handy survey of holy years observed in Rome. This present work looks only at the year 1300 to ask the question: What did a visitor, at that time, actually see and do while making a pilgrimage to the Holy City? The authors imagine a female pilgrim visiting

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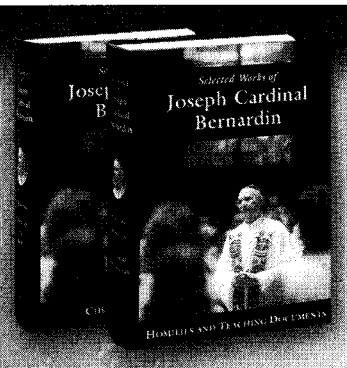

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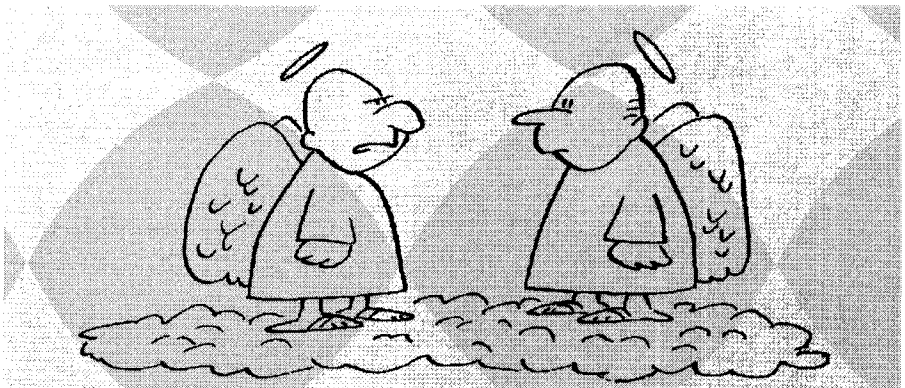

"You'd be paranoid, too, if you were a martyr."

the sacred sites of the city. They outline the Assumption Day pilgrimage in which an ancient icon of Christ, housed in the Sancta Sanctorum, was paraded from the cathedral church of Saint John Lateran to the church of Saint Mary Major, with stops at various other "stations" along the way.

The final two chapters pay particular attention to the Roman basilicas of Saint Peter and of Saint Paul Outside the Walls. The special merit of this volume is the range of both black-and-white and color photographs of the art and architecture. The focus on the thirteenth century is most helpful because it reminds us that a good deal of Rome's architecture has radically changed over the centuries. For example, the present Saint Paul Outside the Walls was reconstructed following a nineteenth-century fire; both Saint John Lateran and Saint Mary Major had extensive additions made to their older basilica form; and, as we all know, old Saint Peter's was totally demolished in the early sixteenth century to be replaced by the present structure. The authors give us some wonderful pages on the old Petrine basilica and on some interesting artifacts from the period.

The best part of this book is the careful description of each building that made up part of the pilgrimage "station." The sections on the ancient churches of San Clemente and Santa Prassede (churches which I know and love well) are particularly well done, as is the text describing the beautiful mosaic treasures of Saint Mary Major. For these descriptions alone, the book is a bargain.

I have two minor criticisms. First, while the idea of following a fictional pilgrim is a felicitous one, the pilgrim, alas, plays only a minor role in the development of the story. It would have been appreciated if the authors had given us more description of where pilgrims might have stayed, how they found provisions, and otherwise made their way in the city. More of this "human" information would have made this text—which ends up being a kind of art history book—livelier.

My other complaint is more technical. Almost none of the illustrations include the dates or the dimensions (information usually found in art history books) for the art works. The authors do provide a fine bibliography and index, however. In all, this is a handsome book which gave me much pleasure as I toured vicariously places hallowed by centuries of Catholic piety. I would also be remiss if I did not note the rather affordable price for a volume so generously illustrated.

Reading the Gospel
John Dunne
University of Notre Dame Press, $11, 187 pp.

By rough count my colleague John Dunne has published just under twenty books. It might be more accurate to say that he has published nearly twenty variations on one major theme. Dunne's fundamental insight is that we can "cross over" or "pass over" to an experience that nourishes us and still come back to our own tradition and sense of personal identity. Dunne himself has crossed over to the world of the poor, to other religions, to various manifestations of the wisdom tradition. In the current volume he attempts a sapiential reading of the Gospel of John, "passing over in reading the Gospel and coming back to everything else I have read, seeing everything in the light of the Gospel."

When Dunne speaks of "everything else I have read," he is alluding to a broad and eclectic menu: Pascal, Hermann Brach, Heidegger, Augustine, John of the Cross, Eckhart, Kafka, Kierkegaard, Tolkien, Tolstoy, as well as texts from the Sufi and Buddhist traditions. His basic desire is to pay attention (in Simone Weil's sense of the term) to the Word of God so that he "becomes aware of an inner light enlightening, guiding, assuring me, not that I see the light but I see things in the light." In this regard, he cites more than once Malebranche's dictum that "attention is the natural prayer of the soul."

Readers not familiar with Dunne's meditative style should not assume that this book is anything like a commentary on John's Gospel. It is, rather, a kind of traditional *lectio divina* but one done in the light of forty years of wide-ranging reading and profound prayer and meditation. As a consequence, this is hardly a book to be read in long stretches; it is a book that demands patience (and attention). It is also a book that presumes that the reader has done some reading in depth. It is definitely not spirituality "lite."

In his final analysis, Dunne thinks that when we read in the fashion he suggests we develop both the love of learning and the desire for God. He also insists that reading John as a whole helps us detect within the Gospel something like those "songlines" that Bruce Chatwin wrote about after his experiences with the aboriginal Australians. There is, in short, a kind of musical unity in John which Dunne (himself a musician and composer) attempts to set out lyrically in an appendix to this volume.

One common critique of Dunne's writing is that he focuses too heavily on the personal relationship with God. One finds little reference to community beyond what the C.S. Lewis character in the play *Shadowlands* notes: "We read to know that we are not alone." Dunne fol-

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lows that line up with another from Proust who said of reading that it is "that fertile miracle of communication effected in solitude." Solitude is a word that occurs frequently in Dunne's work, although he has written that we need to learn how to pass into solitude in order to return to community. There is, I think, a certain sense in which much of Dunne's work is highly personal and, in the good sense of the term, idiosyncratic. He offers a thick template for reading in the light of Christian faith in general and the reading of the Gospel in particular. John of the Cross wrote that God spoke his Word once and having spoken needed to speak no more. John Dunne teaches us just how capacious that Word is. Not for the intellectually timid, *Reading the Gospel* is is a work of profundity.

The Journals of Father Alexander Schmemann: 1973–83
Translated by Juliana Schmemann
Saint Vladimir's Seminary Press, $19.95, 351 pp.

Alexander Schmemann belonged to that group of Russian Orthodox theologians who fled to Paris after the Russian Revolution, finding a spiritual home at Saint Sergius Seminary. In the forties and fifties many of these exiles participated, along with their Roman Catholic theological and intellectual counterparts (Louis Bouyer, Jean Danielou, Henri De Lubac, et al.), in a great period of theological and liturgical ferment. Their work undergirded much of the Second Vatican Council. Schmemann came to the United States in the early 1950s, and as a professor at Saint Vladimir's Seminary in Crestwood, New York, he played a central role in American Orthodox life. From 1973 on he kept a series of journals which were only discovered after he died. We are deeply indebted to his wife, Juliana, who has brought to publication this work of extraordinary power.

The journal has three intertwined linguistic themes: Schmemann's connection to Russian culture; his experiences in France and wide reading in French literature; and his life in America. The Russian material ranges from his relationship to Alexander Solzhenitsyn to

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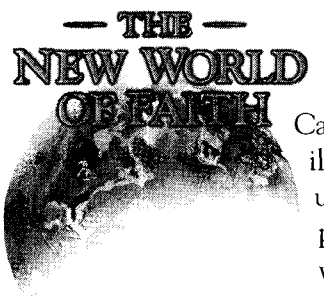

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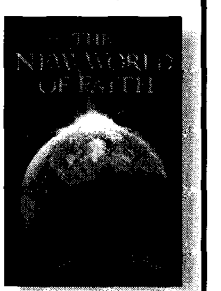

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his weekly homilies broadcast over Radio Liberty to the USSR and on to his frustrations in getting Russian émigrés to understand the need to adapt their liturgy to America if it were not to become a museum piece. His concern with French culture (his mother and twin brother lived in Paris) was kept alive through frequent visits and reading. His remarks on Sartre, for instance, strike me as powerfully on target. Schmemann asks: How can we explain the genius of a person who was absolutely wrong about everything? Finally, Schmemann was fully dedicated to Orthodoxy in America even though he frequently lamented how American Orthodox (especially converts) became obsessed with incidentals. For him, certain monastic practices, single-minded passion for icons, or *outré* experiments in spirituality, often blinded people to the core truth of the eucharistic community. That truth was made real in the eschatological hope of the liturgy.

Schmemann loved the liturgy, and eagerly anticipated the seasonal round of prayer and Eucharist, where he caught, now and then in worship, the blinding light which is Christ. He devoted his energies to writing, lecturing, and instructing ordinary people and seminarians. "Maybe," he writes in a memorable passage, "that is why I love an empty church where the church speaks through silence. I love it before the service and after the service. I love everything that usually seems to us to be in between... that which may not be important but which, it seems to me, is that chink through which a mysterious ray of light shines." His love of and participation in the liturgy stand as the background for his many books on liturgical theology.

A fair number of these pages chronicle Schmemann's travels to lecture or to attend meetings (just reading about his itineraries exhausted me!), but great patches of this journal also reflect a profound faith elegantly and unself-consciously expressed. Schmemann frequently distinguishes (as did the late Karl Barth) between religion and faith. Christianity is not about religion (which is about incense, vestments, positions, traditions, etc.), but about faith, which is the reality of Christ who is the Word of God. A year before his death, in a fit of fatigue, Schmemann wrote that "Christ was killed and is being killed by religion. Religion is the organ in us which, strange as it may seem, is at the same time intensifying and hiding from us our deepest passions and our deepest sin."

Shortly before writing that, Schmemann looked back on his journal and said that perhaps he should write about how generously throughout his whole life "God gave me gifts; about the ray of light which I almost always felt and saw." In my estimation, Father Schmemann's journal is powerful in the way Thomas Merton's journals are powerful: words written out of deep faith, an honest understanding of what it means to live in a church, and from a perspective of someone who, in fact, has been touched by the light of God. □

Lawrence S. Cunningham *teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

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FIGHTING ED McGLYNN

Anthony D. Andreassi

"Archbishop Excommunicates Priest for Supporting Socialist Candidate." No, this isn't a recent headline from the *Wanderer*, nor does it refer to a Latin American priest from the 1970s. In the last two decades of the nineteenth century, a New York City priest became a cause célèbre in both secular and ecclesiastical circles for his outspoken support for a radical candidate for mayor. Not as today, when it is almost inconceivable that an American Catholic priest or bishop would publicly endorse a political candidate, this priest was intimately involved in the hurly-burly of partisan politics.

The priest was Father Edward McGlynn, and this year marks the one-hundredth anniversary of his death. His funeral drew tens of thousands of New Yorkers into the streets of Manhattan to pay their last respects to a man who they believed was fighting the establishment to give them a better life.

Born in New York City of Irish immigrant parents in 1837, McGlynn was raised in Manhattan and ordained in 1860. Two years later he was appointed chaplain of the Civil War military hospital in Central Park, where he ministered to both Catholics and non-Catholics. After the war, he became pastor of Saint Stephen's Church on East 28th Street, where ten thousand people attended Mass each Sunday.

Besides being a pastor, McGlynn was an intellectual. He was an active member of the Accademia, an informal study group of liberal Catholic priests. On political issues, the group supported Radical Reconstruction in the postbellum South, Fenianism in Victorian Ireland, and opposed the temporal power of the pope. On religious issues, members argued for allowing priests to marry and wondered aloud if mandatory "celibacy retarded emotional growth, making priests selfish and lonely." The Accademians also supported using the vernacular in the Mass and rejected state funding for Catholic schools, arguing that a public school is a legitimate environment for the education of Catholic children. They favored the use of general absolution and found that the practice of private confession encouraged scrupulosity. On the issue of papal infallibility, they were inopportunists—that is, they felt it was an inappropriate time to declare the doctrine. Instead, they supported the infallibility of the church as a whole. They were uncomfortable with the 1854 definition of the Immaculate Conception, since it relied on papal infallibility.

Such unconventional opinions attracted the suspicion of church officials, but McGlynn's real troubles followed his support for Henry George, the radical social theorist and hero of the workingman in the 1880s. George advocated a single tax on rents as a panacea for the economic inequalities of the Gilded Age. The two reformers met in 1882 and four years later, when George ran unsuccessfully for mayor of New York City as a third-party candidate, McGlynn delivered the nominating speech, despite warnings not to do so from his superior, Archbishop Michael Corrigan.

Following the election, Corrigan issued a pastoral letter reaffirming church teaching on the inviolability of private property. McGlynn responded through a newspaper interview in which he decried the church's insensitivity to the plight of the poor. Corrigan then suspended McGlynn from his priestly functions for the rest of the year. The conflict between the populist (some would say demagogic) priest and the conservative archbishop escalated to the point that, on July 3, 1887, McGlynn was excommunicated by Pope Leo XIII.

The press gave extensive coverage to the controversy. McGlynn respected the church's authority to circumscribe his priestly ministry, but believed it was his right as an American citizen to speak freely on political issues. He also refused a summons by the pope to come to Rome, and issued a public statement denouncing the attempt of "Bishop, Propaganda, or Pope" to circumscribe his right to free speech.

Rome was embarrassed by the episode. In December 1893, after clarifying his position on private property for the Vatican, McGlynn was restored to the church's good graces. (Much to his chagrin, Corrigan learned about this reconciliation in the morning newspaper.) A reluctant Corrigan appointed McGlynn pastor of Saint Mary's Church in Newburgh (a small city on the Hudson River, sixty miles from Manhattan) where he remained active in social-justice issues until his death. McGlynn never wavered in his support of Henry George and even preached at his funeral in 1897.

When McGlynn died three years later, thousands of loyal followers attended his funeral, including eighteen Protestant ministers and a rabbi. Former President Grover Cleveland telegraphed his condolences. Later that day, McGlynn's body was brought by train from Newburgh to his old parish of Saint Stephen's where an estimated forty-five thousand mourners filed past his bier.

Although history has been kinder to McGlynn than to the church officials who condemned him, possibly the latter were right on one point. When it comes to instructing the faithful about whom to vote for, discretion is the better part of valor. □

Anthony D. Andreassi *teaches history at Gonzaga College High School in Washington, D.C.*

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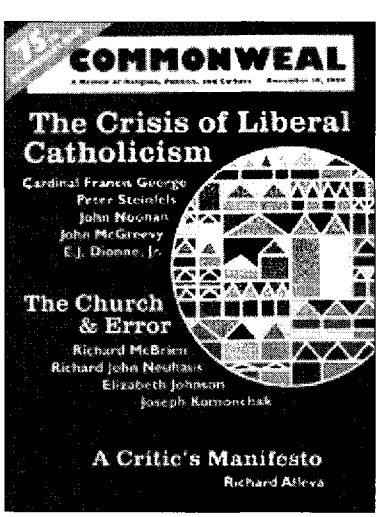

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